The Saturday Evening Post

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"THE CROWN OF NEW ENGLAND."

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The glory of June is about me,
I dwell in a realm of flowers,
Where the honeyed sweets of the locust blooms
Fall fast in unseen showers.
They thrill me into dreaming,
Dreams that have all the seeming,
And the splendor of the real:
And thro' all their triumph gleaming,
Tinted by some winged ideal,
In the sweetness of the springtide,
With the white blooms drifting down,
I behold thy crown, New England;
I behold thy forest crown.

The lagging years have vanished,
Like a scroll have rolled away,
A valley dim'd with distance
'Mong its guarding mountains lay.
Never eyes so full of yearning,
Backward thro' the mists of morning,
Gave such mute and sad adieu—
Prophecied no glad returning,
Song of bird, or sky of blue;
As I gazed, while disappearing
'Yond the white spires of the town,
I beheld thy crown, New England!
I beheld thy forest crown.

O high upon thy breezy hills
The honeysuckles blow!
And mournful 'plaint of whippowils
Climbs from the vale below;
And misty wreaths of summertide
Swirl up the purple mountain side,
From isles of long ago.
And sunset clouds in splendor ride
Above those peaks of snow;
Yet only in dreams, in dreams!
Thro' May-blooms drifting down,
I behold thy crown, New England!
I behold thy forest crown.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

Sigourney, Ia.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER THE MOONLIT SKY.

It was a bright Easter. And things, since that hurried visit of Mr. Canterbury's to London, had had time to get round. Mr. Dunn had died; but Mr. Annesley was better, and at his duty again. It's true the old pastor shook his head, and said it was but like the spark of a dying candle, life flickering up momentarily before going out.

Easter Monday was a great day at Chilling. Prayers at the church in the morning, the poor children's treat in the school-house in the afternoon, a dinner at the Rock in the evening. They were on their way to the school-house now.

The parsonage-gate was swung back, and the good old Rector, with his benevolent face and his white hair, came forth, leaning on his daughter's arm. On the small patch of greensward beside the schools he encountered a group of friends who had stayed to talk—the Miss Canterburys, the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort, Mrs. Kage and her daughter. Mr. Rufort, a tall and fine man, some years past thirty, displaced Miss Annesley from her post with a smile, and gave his strong arm of support to the Rector—for whom he had latterly often come over to do duty. All these were to dine at the Rock in the evening.

"Papa, you are only to stay in the school half an hour, you know," said Sarah. "You will like to say grace, but Mr. Rufort must do all the talking."

"Every word of it," put in Mr. Rufort.

"I wonder, my dear sir, that you should venture to the school at all," languidly observed Mrs. Kage. "Charity children are tiresome animals at the best."

Mrs. Kage held her glass to her eye as she spoke, surveying fresh comers. She wore a lavender-silk gown and white bonnet, and would have called it mourning with a steady face. She had put on "complimentary mourning" for Lady Kage, as the latter had a title. It sounded well to say to the world "I am in mourning for the late Lady Kage, however she might have despised that lady during life. The Miss Canterburys were in mourning for Mr. Dunn—black silk and crape.

"Ah, Fry!" cried the Rector, holding out his hand to an elderly man who was leaning on a stick. "How are you, Fry?"

"I thought I'd crawl out, sir, this fine day and just have a look at 'em for the last time," said the man addressed, who was the parish clerk, though unable to perform his duty now, and had been the boys' schoolmaster. "Your servant, gentlefolks—I shall be lying low enough before another Easter, sir."

"And somebody else by your side, John, unless I am mistaken," replied Mr. Annesley with significance.

So much occupied were they with each other, these people, as not to observe some one turn off the high-road and come towards them: a gentleman in black, with a deep band on his hat. Mrs. Kage, twirling her eyeglass on various objects within range, twirled it at length on him; and certainly thought, when she had got him well to view, that the glass must be playing her false. For it was Thomas Kage.

"How very extraordinary!" exclaimed Mrs. Kage. "What can bring *him* here?"

They wheeled round at the words. He was close up then, and his appearance excited no little commotion, outwardly and inwardly. Those who knew him—Mr. Annesley and his daughter—put out their hands to welcome him, Mrs. Kage extended the tip of her forefinger; those who did not, stared; and the two young ladies, Millicent and Caroline, were conscious that burning blushes arose in their faces and a soft tumult in their hearts.

Millicent very shyly introduced him to her sisters—Mr. Kage. And Olive, who did not remember so much about "Mr. Kage" as she did, was in some doubt, but she bowed courteously in her grand way; and took an opportunity of inquiring of her sister.

"What Mr. Kage is it, Leta? Who is he?"

"Why, Olive, don't you know? The Mr. Kage we saw at Little Bay. He came down here last January, and had not time to call; papa saw him at the rectory; and his mother, Lady Kage, died as soon as he got back to London."

Rather a roundabout explanation, Olive thought, and shyly delivered; but Leta was naturally shy, and not very fluent of speech. Olive, enlightened as to the identity, turned to the stranger to make better acquaintance with him; she had heard through the Garstons of this mother and son—heard nothing but good; and she liked his face besides. Olive Canterbury could read countenances as a book, and said none had ever deceived her. Leta blushed again violently, for she saw her father come up to Mr. Kage with a stretched-out hand. Besides that first meeting at the parsonage, they had since made better acquaintance with each other in London.

Mr. Kage's appearance was soon explained. The business on which he previously came to Aberton had again brought him down, whence he had walked over to Chilling.

"Being holiday in London, I took the opportunity of running down," he said, "not remembering that it would be a greater holiday in the country, and all the Aberton business-people off for the day. I must remain there now until to-morrow."

"And dine with me, I hope, this evening, at the Rock," said Mr. Canterbury. "We shall be a pleasant party; all these friends are to meet there."

"Thank you. But I have no dinner-coat with me."

They laughed at that. Miss Canterbury pointedly said that she would be just as happy to see him in his frock-coat as in any other; and Mr. Rufort declared he meant to appear in a long coat, and not a short one. And so it was settled.

Millicent, stealing glances at him from where he stood apart, thought he was looking ill—wan, thin, pale. As indeed he had looked ever since his mother's death, for his grief for her was indulged to an extent that told upon him.

But the school-room was waiting, and they turned to it. Caroline Kage, her lovely face radiant, lingered behind with Millicent, deceitfully feeding—as it was her wont to do—the unsuspecting girl's heart with whispers of the love of Thomas Kage.

"He must have dreamt of the fete to-day, Leta, and that he would meet you at it."

"He is meeting the rest as well."

"What of that?"

"Don't you think he looks ill?"

Caroline had noticed nothing of it. She was not a quick observer.

"Every one looks pale in deep mourning. He is black, you see, even to his shirt-studs."

"Yes. But his face has a wan, worn look."

"That's through pining after you."

"Caroline," said Leta very gravely, and with a warm flush, "I must once more beg of you not to continue this. Why will you persist in doing it? It is the height of folly, besides being unpleasant to me, to couple my name with that of Mr. Kage. We have nothing at all to do with each other, as you must know. He does not care for me more than he does for any one else."

"Which is as much as to say that you do care for him."

"No, it is not. Do pray drop it for the future. Fancy the dilemma I should be in if Olive or any of them heard you."

Caroline laughed provokingly.

"*Please*, Caroline; you would not like it yourself. Only think of his having met papa in London! Papa never mentioned it."

"I wonder how he is left?" cried Caroline abruptly.

"Left!"

"As to money. Mamma says Lady Kage was a great screw, so she may have saved a fortune."

"I once heard your mamma say Lady Kage was very poor. Perhaps she meant poor for a titled woman."

"There he is, waiting for—for you, Leta."

Mr. Kage had halted outside the school-house, and was looking back. The soft flush on Caroline's face deepened; and it was she who walked in with him side-by-side—in spite of her words—leaving Leta anywhere.

School-treats were not in Mrs. Kage's line. She came out to them because others did, and that it was a kind of gala time, allowing for the display of her best dress and

"IT WAS SHE WHO CAUSED THEIR STEPS TO LINGER."

sentimental manners. This one proved not more palatable than others had been; and when the Rector left, leaning on the arm of Thomas Kage—of whom he was asking questions about his old friend Mrs. Garston—Mrs. Kage took the opportunity of leaving also. There was nothing to wait for: Mr. Canterbury had stayed but a short while, Lord Rufort had not come; they were the two great resources of Mrs. Kage, with whom she liked to consort—the one held in estimation through his riches, the other through his rank. "When I am with Lord Rufort, I feel at home; it seems like old days come back again," Mrs. Kage was rather fond of saying to her friends.

Leaving the clergyman indoors, Mrs. Kage turned towards her home, taking, without ceremony, the arm of Thomas, that he might attend her to it.

"You are not in a hurry to get back for five minutes?" observed Mrs. Kage.

In point of fact, that estimable lady had an end to serve. In spite of her daughter's ruse to deceive her, persisted in still, Mrs. Kage could not help indulging a faint suspicion that the love, if there existed any, was not between Mr. Kage and Leta Canterbury, but between Mr. Kage and Caroline herself. This would be terribly awkward—not to be thought of at all—if Thomas had nothing but his profession—if, however, he had inherited money from his mother, why perhaps his having the misfortune to be the son of that despised woman might in time be overcome. Mrs. Kage had heard of instances where barristers (on whom she scornfully looked down as a class) had risen to the Woolsack. A rumor had reached Chilling that Lady Kage had died rich. Mrs. Kage was surprised, but thought it might be. This must be ascertained.

Crossing the road from the rectory, a privet-path—as it was called, from there being a privet-hedge on either side it—led to Mrs. Kage's house. It was not far, and she talked of ordinary things as they went along. Causing him to enter the sitting-room, she closed the door.

"And now that we have a moment to ourselves, Thomas dear, you must allow me to ask how things are left?" she began, in an affectionate, confidential tone, such as she had never used to him in her life. "Your dear mother's death came upon me, I assure you, with an overwhelming shock."

"As it did on all of us," he quietly answered, standing by the window, while she took her seat on the opposite sofa.

"Ay, it was very sad. I would have made Caroline read the burial service to me the day of the interment, but that it might have given her gloomy ideas, poor child."

The calling up of such was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Kage herself, even now; and she emptied three parts of a phial of cologne water on her handkerchief.

"Sit down, Thomas; I cannot talk on these melancholy subjects unless people are close to me. Are you left well off, my dear?"

"A great deal better than I expected to be. My mother was full of love for me to the end."

"That's well," said Mrs. Kage, opening her fan complaisantly. "Had Lady Kage saved much money?"

"Yes, I consider that she had."

His ideas, in so answering, were running on his mother's small income, and what she had to make it do for. Mrs. Kage's notions were altogether different, very high in the air indeed.

"And she has left it at all to you, dearest Thomas?"

"She has left it all my sister, Mrs. Lowther. Not any of it to me."

It was very rare that Mrs. Kage allowed so vulgar an emotion as surprise to be seen on her face, but she could not help it now. And, indeed, this answer seemed at variance with what he had just said. Her manner froze a little.

"We are connections, you know, Thomas; I can scarcely say relatives. Perhaps you will not mind telling me the particulars of how your mother's affairs were left. It is only natural that I should have thought sometimes about it."

"I will tell you everything with the greatest pleasure," he replied, his good, frank countenance bent a little forward, his honest eyes fixed on hers as he sat, his arm resting on the table. "There is not much to tell—"

"Your mother made a will, I presume?" interrupted Mrs. Kage sharply.

"She made a will, and left me sole executor. The money she had been able to save, turned out, after all claims were paid, to be over eight hundred pounds. I gave Charlotte my cheque for it last week."

Mrs. Kage's mouth dropped. To one whose thoughts are running upon twice as many thousands, eight hundred pounds seems very mean and poor.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Kage. "Then what did you mean by saying she left you better off than you expected?"

"When the will was opened, I found she had left me the greater portion of the furniture. A few of the things only go to Charlotte, and half the silver, which was but a very small stock altogether. A sum was set apart for the next year's rent, and I am enjoined to remain in the house for that period, should nothing of importance call me out of it."

Mrs. Kage was fanning herself rather violently.

"A very unjust will, I must say!" she remarked. "Charlotte Lowther was no blood-relation to your mother."

"She was my father's child; and my mother loved her as her own. Besides, Charlotte wants help far more than I do. I think the will the justest that my dear mother could have made."

"Oblige me by setting light to a pastile, Thomas; there's one close to you. Did Lady Kage leave anything to Dorothy?"

"She left her to me," he answered, with a slight smile, as he looked for the pastile. "Dorothy had some clothes and twenty pounds, and her next year's wages paid in advance."

"And you have only a few paltry bits of old furniture! Dear me! One does hear of queer things."

"It is so much more than I looked for. I only thought to have her blessing. Do you know, when I read the will, and found the home was secured to me for a year, and the rent paid, and Dorothy's wages, I felt like a rich man. If I could only see my mother for one minute to pour out my gratitude!"

Mrs. Kage did not think it worth while to contend further; she looked upon him as only three degrees removed from a fool. She felt half inclined to look on herself as another, for having for a moment entertained the thought that Lady Kage could have died worth anything fit to speak of. Thomas was at liberty to quit her now; and she composed herself, after a few drops of red lavender, which the maid came in to administer, to take a refreshing nap.

It lasted so long that she found, on awaking, she had barely time to dress for the dinner at the Rock. Caroline was late, too, and came forth from her room at the last moment, in a white dress and black sash, with jet necklace and bracelets. Mrs. Kage stared at the attire, so different from what had been fixed upon.

"And your pink silk? And your pearls?"

"Oh, mamma, I *could* not put them on!" was Caroline's answer, with quite a burst of feeling. "How could I go out flaunting in colors, when Thomas Kage, in his deep black, was to dine at my side?"

"You were not in mourning to-day. He saw you then."

"I know it all; and I never felt so ashamed of myself before. He cared so much for his mother; and she has not been dead quite two months!"

"And if she has not?"

"He must think us so heartless."

"It is not of any consequence what he thinks. He—Is that the carriage? Dear me! I wanted to have told you something."

The fine large close carriage with its attendant servants, belonging to the Rock, had bowled up, Mr. and Miss Annesley inside. It had been arranged that it should call for Mrs. Kage and Caroline, and convey them home in the evening.

Thomas Kage, he could not tell why, unless it was through hearing so much of the vast revenues of the master of the Rock, had in his own mind associated the place with just the slightest soupcon of ostentation, that kind of display we are apt to fancy pertains to the nouveau riche. His late father's name had secured for Mr. Kage the entrance to good society, and his tastes, a little fastidious, were all on the side of simplicity.

He was agreeably surprised. When he saw the good order and refined breeding that prevailed at the Rock; its perfectly appointed rooms and service; its intellectual books and quiet ways; the pure home-life that shone out unmistakably; the simple manners of the girls; and the *lack* of ostentation in any shape, his conscience smote him. Luxury there was certainly at the Rock; it could not be otherwise with such an income as George Canterbury's; but it was a luxury felt, rather than seen, one that might belong to a taste pure as his own.

Lord Rufort, a tall man, stiff as a poker, with iron-gray hair and a head that bent to nobody, took in Miss Canterbury; Mr. Canterbury took Mrs. Kage. Thomas Kage neither saw nor knew how the rest of the party were paired: he had Caroline, and that was all he cared for. Leta got Austin Rufort—and thought herself very ill-used. Perhaps Mr. Rufort considered *he* was; for he looked upon Leta as a bread-and-butter school-girl, and would a vast deal rather have been with her sister Jane. But Jane was allotted to Mr. Carlton of Chilling Hall. Miss Canterbury always exercised her privilege of ordering these social arrangements, and there might be no appealing against her authority.

Sixteen were at table. Olive, magnificent in her black-net dress with the white rose in her hair, and a small black circlet inlaid with silver on her beautiful neck, was at its head; a noble, gracious mistress. Mr. Canterbury, good-looking still, quite young, so to say, erect, slender, sat at its foot—Mrs. Kage beside him, her neck terribly thin and wiry through its lace covering. The servants were ample and attentive; the appointments of the table rich and beautiful. Better than all, the guests amalgamated, and sociality reigned. It was the pleasantest dinner-party Thomas Kage had ever been present at, and for its brief existence he was cheated into forgetting his grief and the mother who had been so much to him. Time is a great conceler, and the sincerest mourner of us all insensibly yields to it. While we are saying, "I shall never look up again from the blow that has fallen on me,"

Heaven itself is gently lifting the weight from the heavy eyes.

There was music after dinner. So genial was the night that the large window of one of the drawing-rooms was flung open, and some of them stood at it and looked out on the fair scene beyond, steeped in moonlight. But Mr. Canterbury came up to preach about the night-air, and had it closed. Mr. Annesley and his daughter went home immediately after dinner. Mrs. Kage, who was to have taken advantage of the carriage to leave when they did, said she was not ready to go, and remained.

"Olive," said Mr. Canterbury, sitting down for a single minute by his daughter, "what an exceedingly nice fellow he is!"

"Who, papa?" Miss Canterbury naturally asked.

"Young Kage. I liked him the first time I saw him, that few minutes at the parsonage last January; I liked him more in London; I like him most now. An uncommonly clever man, I know; sensible and unaffected."

Olive nodded; and smiled to find her father right for once. In a general way George Canterbury could no more read character than a block of wood could. She, keen and sure in discernment, had also conceived a liking for Thomas Kage. And the evening wore on.

Mr. Carlton offered a seat in his carriage to Mrs. Kage; Caroline, in her wilful way, said she should walk home; the night was too lovely not to be enjoyed; her cousin, Thomas Kage, could take care of her.

Very lovely, indeed, was it when they went out, Caroline with a shawl on her shoulders and nothing on her head. Mr. Canterbury was afraid she would catch faceache, at which Caroline burst out laughing; it was only old people who had that, she saucily answered. Two or three of the other guests walked also, and they all set out together, choosing the way across the fields. Jane and Lota Canterbury went with them as far as the side-gate, and then ran home gleefully. Oh, the happy, careless days of youth! when the body fears no ailments, the mind knows naught of trouble.

Mrs. Kage, deposited at home from Mr. Carlton's carriage, heard the noise they made in coming over the field, and she opened the shutter to look out. Her eyes were growing dim of sight, which she would not have acknowledged for the world; but it is wonderful how keen dim eyes can still be when swayed by fear or self-interest. She managed to discern—and a frown rose to her face as she did so—that though the rest were laughing and talking loudly, Caroline and Mr. Kage walked apart, far behind, concerning themselves only with one another.

It was so. When they came out, Caroline went close to him, and he gave her his arm. It was she who caused their steps to linger; it was her voice that first took the low, tremulous tone that of itself unconsciously betrayed love. Thomas Kage's whole heart was bursting with it; a sweet tumult, in the delight of her presence, of holding her on his arm, was all aglow within him. But he was of a strictly honorable nature, and made no sign, walking along, save for a commonplace word now and again, in telling silence.

Mrs. Kage, getting him by her that evening in Miss Canterbury's drawing-room, had whispered with affectionate candor a word or two of her great views for her daughter. Caroline was to make a match in accordance with the rank of her grandfather, Lord Gunse. Mrs. Gage was not sure, she added, that the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Rufort had not cast a covetous eye on Caroline; but she had taken care to give him a hint that her daughter must marry wealth as well as rank. Crafty Mrs. Kage knew perfectly well that the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Rufort thought no more of her daughter than he did of her; but she deemed it convenient to invent the fable for the benefit of Thomas Kage.

To what end? She need not have feared that Thomas Kage would speak of love to her daughter, or to any other young lady, until his position enabled him to speak to purpose. So far as present prospects went, that desirable state of affairs would be achieved by the time Caroline might expect to be a grandmother. He would have given the whole world for circumstances to be different; but they were not, and he could not make them so. Not under any seductive surroundings was Thomas Kage one to lose his head incautiously; his prudence was in his own hands if his love was not, and Caroline's true interests were dear to him as she was. She was as safe from avowals with him as with her mother.

But he had not the least objection to linger as long as might be on this night walk—which would remain on his memory as one of the few sweet moments of existence until time for him should be no more. The moon, looking like pale gold in the blue sky, shone, white and lovely, on the blades of early grass, on either side the field-path, on the budding hedges, on the stile they would have to cross; the air was balmy, the night altogether one of bright, soft loveliness. That Caroline loved him Mr. Kage no longer doubted; her manner showed it very plainly. He had fondly fancied it before; he knew it now; and it may be that his accents took a tenderer tone in spite of himself as he spoke to her—a tone rarely mistaken by its recipient. A dazzling vision of future promise seemed to rise in the sky, turning all things to gold. Don't blame him for it—remember the moments when it rose for you.

"Is it true that we shall not see you after to-night? she asked, breaking a long interval of silence.

"Quite true. I must get my business in Aberton over betimes to-morrow, and go back by the eleven o'clock train."

"I wonder you do not manage to stay a little longer," she went on, hoping he would not hear the beating of her heart. "Perhaps you do not care to."

"I should care for it very much, Caroline; but it is amidst one of the things that cannot be. Life has its crosses as well as its hopes and pleasures."

"Have you crosses?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"Some of them would not particularly interest you. Others, that might, I cannot mention now."

"Why not?"

"The time has not come. Should it ever do so, you shall her them."

It is possible that she understood him; it is even possible that he intended she should. There was no more said. Caroline remembered afterwards, with a burning blush, that she had unconsciously pressed his arm a shade closer by way of answer; and they walked the rest of the way in that delicious conscious silence which is more eloquent than any speech.

"I must run back; I have left my umbrella at the Rock," he exclaimed, as they reached Mrs. Kage's gate between the laurels, where the rest of the party had halted. "In five minutes I shall be back, Caroline, and will come in to wish your mother good-bye."

Caroline went in, and said as much to Mrs. Kage. That lady received the message ungraciously. Closing the half-shutter she had held open to reconnoitre, she sat down by the fire in the midst of her scents and pastiles.

"He need not trouble himself to wish me good-bye; it does not matter. What a blow he has got!"

"Who has?" cried Caroline.

"Tom Kage. I said he looked worn and ill."

"But what is it?"

Caroline's breath was hushed a little as she spoke. And Mrs. Kage, flirting out some pungent essence from a patent-stoppered bottle, flirted it by accident into Caroline's face.

"His mother has not left him a shilling; she has left it all to Charlotte—what's her name?—I never can remember it. Not that it was much to leave—a few paltry hundreds. He says he is glad Charlotte should have it instead of him, of which I believe just as much as I like. Of course the poor creature *wants* it, with her crowd of children and her scrambling life. It serves her right. Sir Charles Kage's daughter (who was not connected, you know, with the low woman he afterwards married) should have respected herself better than to marry a man beneath her—one of those working engineers."

Caroline Kage, sitting with her cheek in her hand and her elbow on the arm of the chair, felt as if her heart had grown cold suddenly.

"Lady Kage was not a low woman, mamma."

"Not a low woman!" softly responded Mrs. Kage, taking up her smelling-salts. "My dear Caroline, do you think you know better than I? In the old days, when Maria Carr came into the room in attendance on the little Charlotte, she did not presume to sit in the presence of my family—not to sit, my dear, unless bade to do so. Ah, it was a fatal thing, Sir Charles's engaging the girl! And he did it in the teeth of the most munificent offer made him by my people."

Caroline questioned with her eyes.

"My mother went to him and offered to take the child into our house and bring her up, without recompense of course, except what Sir Charles might choose voluntarily to give. She urged it on him; and, by-the-way, Charlotte showed her self-willed temper then; for when my sister Matilda caught her to her arms and said would she go home with her to be loved and have sugar-plums, the ill-conditioned little wretch set up a loud scream. My mother told Sir Charles it was her black frock that made her cry, and Sir Charles said, 'Most likely.' He did not accept the offer, and what were the deplorable consequences? Maria Carr got into the house, and never went out of it."

Overpowered by the reminiscence, Mrs. Kage saturated her handkerchief with her eau de cologne and held it to her nose, glancing furtively over the cambric at her daughter.

"Has Thomas Kage had nothing left to him?" asked Caroline, thinking only of the one thing.

"Nothing. She paid the rent of the place they are in for a year, that he might have, at least for that time, a roof over his head; and Dorothy's wages for as long, that she might see to him. A few of the old chairs and tables are his, nothing more. My dear, I see how it will be, and *he* sees it—that in twenty years to come he will be no better off than he is now, a poor briefless barrister, toiling to get bread-and-cheese and beer, and hardly doing it. He has no interest; he told me so to-day. How can he be likely to get on?"

Caroline put her hand for a moment upon her chest, as if she had a pain there.

"Is this true, mamma?"

"It is as true as heaven's gospel," responded Mrs. Kage; and for once in her life, forgetting her languid affectation, she spoke with energy, her face lighted up with interest.

Caroline saw that it *was* true; and with that miserable moment the sunshine of her young life went out.

Thomas Kage came back laughing, his breath spent, his umbrella in his hand. The early day had been cloudy; the night might have turned out rainy, and he had to walk to Aberton. Mr. Canterbury had offered a carriage, but it was not accepted. He had come away from the Rock with a pressing invitation from its master to go and stay at it during the autumn vacation. This he told them now.

"Ah, indeed," drawled Mrs. Kage, quite oppressed with languor; "I'd not advise you to accept it: there'd be no enjoyment. Olive Canterbury is dictatorial; and Jane is buried in church and school business up to her elbows; and Lota's a simpleton. I'll say adieu to you, Thomas Kage. It is late, and I am fatigued. This has been quite a day of dissipation."

She held out the tips of two fingers. Nothing more.

Caroline, asking nobody's leave, went out with him round the laurels to the outer gate. He turned and took her hand when he passed through it.

"Good-bye, Caroline," he said in a low tone; "God bless you!"

Her heart was sore with its pain; she struggled with it for an instant and burst into tears.

He was intensely surprised. Perhaps, had he said a word then of the love and hope that so yearned for utterance, their lives might have been widely different, and the course of events so changed, that the great trouble lying in the womb of the future, and which was destined to overshadow one of them fatally, the other in a degree, had never been led up to.

"Good-bye, Thomas—good-bye."

The words, spoken with a wail of anguish, came forth as abruptly as the tears had done. She wrenched her hand from his, after pressing his fingers almost to pain, shot away rapidly indoors, and he heard the bolt slipped.

"Good-night, mamma," Caroline called out as she passed the sitting-room; "I'm going to bed."

Forth from the open window she leaned in her dinner-dress, the moonlight playing on her white shoulders, on the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Caroline had the sense to look matters in the face and judge them truly. She knew that she never could be a poor man's wife, unless she would become a wretched, heartless woman, like her mother—worried in private, made up of small affectations in public, discontented and false always. She loved Thomas Kage with that passionate love that can touch the heart but once; but she knew that she must give him up, and her heart half broke with its pain. She watched him cross the open fields towards Aberton, only the faintest speck in the distance now; he was all but out of sight; and her young face grew wild with anguish, and her covetous eyes were strained through their blinding tears; and in an excess of despair she flung her hands out imploringly.

"Farewell, Thomas, my best beloved!—farewell forever!"

She got to sleep towards morning, and dreamt of falling into ten thousand a-year, and of going to be happy with Thomas Kage; and for some few moments after waking the dream held the semblance of a blessed reality. A faint cry—than which no moan contained ever deeper anguish—supervened. The truth had dawned on Caroline Kage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIDDEN.

O blushes, rise not to my cheek;
O tell-tale eyes, be clear and gay;
O lips, no warmer language speak
To him than simple yea and nay;
O heart! in thy most deep recess,
Be safely, surely hid away
This secret, that he may not guess.

They call me beautiful: alas!
By him uncared for, what care I?
Once I knelt down and kissed the grass,
His foot had pressed in passing by;
A little common buttercup
That he had crushed, and left to die,
Still for his sake I treasure up.

O tender Father! is it sin
To love thy noblest creatures thus,
Although no answering love we win?
Art Thou not ever leading us?
And hast Thou sent this love to me,
To calm my heart tumultuous,
And guide me, through my grief, to Thee?

O let me love him to the end
Most purely; and perchance some day
He'll take my hand and call me friend,
When time for love is passed away;
When eyes that shine when he is near
Are dim; when golden locks are gray;
And Death, the angel, draweth near.

How to Get a Wife.

Jacob Strawn, of Jacksonville, Illinois, was, during his lifetime, the largest farmer in Illinois, and a very eccentric man. The circumstances of his marriage was as follows:—

Outside of Jacksonville, a couple of miles, perhaps, there live quite a respectable family. This family employed a servant girl. Graceful and neat in the extreme, and possessing a very fair share of intelligence, this girl was a match for whomsoever might take her unto himself. Jacob saw this flower and determined to possess it. One day he rode up to the door of the residence of the fair maid, alighted from his horse, and knocked with the but end of his whip. The lady of the house answered his summons, and immediately upon her making her appearance, Jacob asked for the servant girl.

The servant girl came. Said Jacob—

"I want a wife, and I've picked you out as the most proper person for that position I can possibly find. I've never spoken to you before, but then that makes no difference. I'll give you one week to consider."

The girl blushed and was dumbfounded. Jacob mounted his horse and rode away. The girl inquired into Mr. Strawn's character and standing, and was advised by those with whom she lived to accept the offer of his hand. Punctually, a week later, Jacob rode up to the door and knocked again with his whip, and asked:

"Is it no or yes?"

Blushingly, the girl answered in a low tone, but quite distinctly:

"Yes."

"Well," said Jacob, "let's see; we'll get married the day after to-morrow, Wednesday. Here's some money to buy a wedding outfit," and he threw her a purse containing a thousand dollars.

The couple did get married on Wednesday—and no happier pair, during their lifetime, was to be met with in the state of Illinois.

Getting Educated for the Ministry.

A Louisiana negro, somewhat advanced in years, was accosted a few days since by a former employer, with the question as to how he was getting along. "Well, sir," said he, "I'se quit work now, and am studyin' for the ministry." The gentleman, upon asking to see what work his sable attendant of former times had under his arm, was handed, with a great show of importance, an old copy of one of Webster's elementary spelling books, which the old darkey declared that the colored preacher up at the school house had told him contained all the "larnin' dat was worf picking up afore gwine in de pulpit. Arter you gets dare," continued the old would-be divine, "you'se got to pound away on de Bible and sarch de Scriptures."

☞ A woman has sued a St. Louis dentist for $5,000 damages, for inserting a set of teeth while they were so hot as to burn her mouth and gums, and by forcibly holding them there until they became cool and the upper portion of her mouth had become blistered. This, it is stated, caused her the most intense pain and suffering, rendering it impossible for her to partake of food for several days, and leaving her mouth in a lacerated condition.

☞ A new source of trouble has been encountered in the silver mines of Nevada. Hitherto the water which was encountered in sinking the mines has proved the most serious hindrance. Now, in some of the mines which have attained the greatest depth, the water is no trouble, but the high temperature is such as to require the injection of currents of air into the shafts, to enable the miners to work t erein. At a depth of upwards of a thousand feet, the Bullion mine, the deepest in Nevada, is as dry as a lime kiln and as hot as an oven.

☞ Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine; yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not allowing trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases!

☞ Gen. George B. McClellan has finally resolved to build his mansion on the top of Orange Mountain, New Jersey, on land adjoining the property of General Marcy, his father-in-law.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG'T 21, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

WITH OTHER NOVELETS (*now being prepared*) and SHORT STORIES, by a number of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD; OR, THE NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.) This is an amusing account of the Steamship Quaker City's Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land; with descriptions of countries, nations, incidents and adventures, as they appeared to that comic genius, Mark Twain. It is embellished with 234 Illustrations. While the prevailing tone of the book is humorous, there is a great deal of interesting information contained in its pages. It is a capital work for summer reading. Published by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn., and sold by Agents. Those desiring copies, should write to the publishers, and an agent will call on them.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. By BENSON J. LOSSING. This work embodies Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Biography, Scenery, Relics, and Traditions of the Last War for American Independence. It contains several hundred engravings on wood, chiefly from original sketches by the author. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE WOMAN IN RED. Published by T. B. Peterson & Co., Philada.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING. The Teacher, the Pupil, and the School. By NATHANIEL SANDS. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

A PARSER AND ANALYZER FOR BEGINNERS. By FRANCIS A. MARCH, Prof. in Lafayette College. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HETTY. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of "Stretton," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. By CHARLES READE, author of "White Lies," &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LOVE AND LIBERTY. A Narrative of the French Revolution of 1792. By ALEX. DUMAS, author of "The Count of Monte Christo," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros, Philada.

Children in Church.

The Norristown Republican discourses upon this subject, and makes some sensible remarks: "The real difficulty," it says, "is frequently with the elder person having the children in charge in trying to keep infants awake or forcing them to sit bolt-upright and perfectly still, when it is against the nature of the child to do so. We have often seen a whole block in a church annoyed by a contest of this kind. The child gets tired of sitting and wants to be down and asleep. The mother or nurse, instead of permitting it to do so, wakes it up. The child gets restless, trys to play round in the pew, but is headed off again. After a bit it gets angry and perhaps breaks out into a cry, disturbing the whole congregation. We have beheld this scene over and over, and felt like cuffing the mother or nurse who, in nearly every instance, is the stupid cause of the whole trouble. If children be not spoiled at home by being taught that they of all the family must be most demonstrative they will generally keep quiet, or from speaking aloud; and if they (in early childhood) want to go to sleep, they should be encouraged to do so. It is not expected that mere infants go to church to hear, so the mother or nurse has no right to annoy the little ones and others, much less deprive themselves of the benefit of the services by trying an impossible theory.

College Reputations.

College reputations are sometimes curiously reversed in after life. Some one has collected the statistics from West Point catalogues:

Jeff Davis graduated 23rd in his class—(Jeff has made some stir in the world since then); Gen. Jo Johnson, 13th; Gen. O. M. Mitchell, 13th; Gen. Meade, 19th; Gen. T. D. Sherman, 18th; Gen. Pemberton, 27th; Gen. Jo Hooker, 29th; Gen. Canby, 30th; Gen. George H. Thomas, 12th; Gen. Doubleday, 24th; Gen. Longstreet, 54th; Gen. Early, 18th; Gen. U. S. Grant, 21st; Gen. Burnside, 18th; Gen. Philip Sheridan, suspended in 1852 and graduated in 1853, the 34th; Prof. A. D. Bache, 1st; Prof. Mahan, 1st; Gen. Bartlett, 1st; Gen. Sibley, 1st; Gen. Lee, 2d; Gen. Ewell, 3rd; Gen. Martindale, 3rd; Gen. Halleck, 3rd; Gen. W. T. Sherman, 6th; Gen. Beauregard, 2d; Gen. Gilmore, 1st; Gen. George B. McClellan, 2d; Gen. Howard, 2d.

In the light of subsequent history this is a most interesting list to contemplate.

Explosive Power of Gun-Cotton.

Among the sights shown to M. Dumas during his visit to this country, were some remarkable experiments with gun-cotton at Woolwich. A few particulars will probably surprise our readers. A heavy palisade of oak timbers, a foot thick, was fixed in the ground, and supported by struts in the rear in the usual way. Two or three disks of gun-cotton were laid on the front of each timber a little above the ground, having a narrow strip of wood to rest on, and were fired by electricity. A sharp but tremendous report followed, and down fell the palisade, the massive timbers being blown away and splintered as if they were laths. What ship's side, what gate, what wall can now be regarded as a defence? A few disks of gun-cotton will blow them all away. And if one of such disks be fired lying on the top of a block of stone or of iron, the metal and the stone are at once crumbled to powder.—*Chambers's London Journal.*

☞ A young pupil of the New Orleans grammar school was scolded by his mother. "Sammy, Sammy," said she, "why did you do that? you might have known you would hurt yourself." "How could I know, mother?" replied the youngster, as the pain from his bruised shin ceased for a moment: "am I a future tense?"

☞ The man who seats himself sideways in a railroad car, leans the best part of his weight against his next neighbor, crosses his legs so that one foot projects into the isle, so as to trip everybody attempting to pass him, is not of a porcine character and disposition—certainly not.

☞ The heart is six inches in length, four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute, 4,100 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 37,770,000 times per year.

☞ A London clergyman advertises that he will "lend" his weekly sermons for half a crown a piece, or four for ten shillings, warranted "original, earnest, and evangelical."

☞ If you would enjoy your meals, sit down to the table good-natured. An angry, fussy man or woman cannot tell whether they are eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

☞ More native born Germans were enlisted in the armies of the Republic in the war of the rebellion than native born Irish—176,700 of the former, but only 144,200 of the latter, served in the Union army.

☞ A man, in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house, which he had often passed, said, "It cries 'Stop thief!' so naturally that every time I hear it *I always stop!*"

☞ RUINED BY LIGHTNING.—A new and singular phenomenon has recently been witnessed in the South, being no less than the striking and blighting of cotton-fields by lightning. On descending, the fluid seems to spread over a wide area.

☞ Mr. Bridgman, of Bellows Falls, Vt., has several small ponds, containing more than forty thousand trout, varying from six months to three years of age. The water is changed once in twenty-four hours, and the fish are fed on ground beef liver twice a day, at an expense of one dollar a week.

☞ "I'll be down directly," as the pill said.

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, }
July 29, 1869. }

Dear Post:—You last heard of me from Omaha. Toward evening of the day I mailed my letter from that point it ceased raining, and I left the dismal hotel for a walk "up the hill." Here are the best private residences of Omaha—and from this eminence, too, I obtained a bird's-eye view of the town, which sufficed partially to obliterate my first dreary impressions. Omaha can already boast many fine buildings, the streets are admirably laid out—by-and-by when they are paved, the place will do well enough.

It was clear and pleasant when we set forth next morning upon the "Union Pacific" for our long journey. For several hours our route lay still through broad prairie lands, freshly green, extending far as our vision on either side, a distant fringe of forest often serving as boundary line. The wealth of cultivation we had gloried in becomes rarer, yet the soil showing through the prairie grass is black with richness, and we continue to be deeply impressed with the measureless unimproved capacities of our country. I should mention that here and there the uniform view is broken by the course of a stream along whose banks are scattered trees of elm and cottonwood.

Gradually the soil becomes thinner, the grass less luxuriant, while timber disappears wholly as we proceed along the Platte, and the Prairie is transformed into the desolate Plains. Through these we are whirled onward and upwards, for there is a steady, though scarcely perceptible rise from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. Now our notice is frequently attracted by government encampments—of these the one at Plum Creek station stamps itself most forcibly upon my memory, because I heard some of the passengers on our train discussing an Indian fight they had witnessed there, and because at the door of a tent I saw an officer's lady gazing wistfully into our car. She looked so young and frail, and life at such a place is so suggestive of hardships and deprivations, that I wonder often musingly of this fair stranger's fate, although "common sense folks" will doubtless tell me it is none of my business.

After night had broken we long gazed out upon the desolate plains, then sought repose in the comfortable berths of the "Palace Sleeping Car." Early morning found us on the alert for antelope and buffalo, of which we had as yet seen but the bones and skulls bleaching in the sun. Of the former we soon see quite a number disappearing in graceful leaps at our approach, and after a time, with the aid of our "glass," we even discerned a very few buffalo opposing their black, lofty forms, as it were, against the distant horizon. We also see prairie dog settlements; the day before we had seen only the deserted hills, but now we catch hasty glimpses of the queer little inhabitants.

Invigorated by the keen mountain air, for we were now at an altitude of over 7,000 feet, and had long passed the portals of the Rocky Mountains, we sat down with a hearty appetite to the plentiful breakfast at Cheyenne, enjoying principally the novelty of the antelope steaks. Then we resume our seats in the cars, and are whirled upwards and onwards through strange bleakness, abrupt peaks, and monstrous heaps of rocks on either side, while here, as before reaching Cheyenne, peeping out from amidst the parched bunch grass, a lovely mountain flower of blue gladdens the eye in this barren waste. In the far off distance to the left, as we approach Sherman, "Long's Peak," with its snow-capped summit, looms up before us; to the right, the still more distant Laramie.

The scene grows more and more exciting, and it seems to me as memories crowd upon me with overwhelming force, that it is idle to attempt a description of the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, and indeed of this entire overland route through mountain and desert. No words can give an adequate idea to one who has not seen them with his eye, grasped them with his imagination, of this miraculous panorama of mountain scenery as we approach Sherman, an altitude of 8,424 feet, the highest point crossed by our railroad, and begin our wild descent.

Vast volcanic upheavals, huge peaks and fantastic hills surround us, now utterly bare, now scaled by the dry, parched bunch grass, and at rare intervals dotted with queer, stunted spruce and cedars, rendering the utter desolation but the more apparent. Far and wide no signs of fresh, joyous life, but in the lovely mountain flowers, whose clear blue soon changes to purple, and mingles with other flowers of yellow and white in the valleys.

Suddenly we are brought face to face with the genius of the mountains, a human face of stone, fabulous in size, with furrowed brow and leering eye, with quizzical nose and mouth distorted as though laughing to scorn all efforts of mortals in comparison with the gigantic and marvellous architectural effects hewn out of the mountain, as it were, by an army of Titans. For we are now brought into the midst of scenes comparable only to the ruins of castles and temples wrought by a wild freak of some supernatural power. In every direction, too, huge boulders have been hurled hither and thither in wildest confusion.

The temperature becomes exceedingly warm as we descend, yet the eye is constantly refreshed by sight of glorious mountain ranges, hazy in the distance and capped with eternal snow, while here and there a streak of snow lies far down the side of some peak—perhaps not yet melted because shaded by an overhanging cliff. At one point I remember crossing a bridge over a mountain dell, and gazing downward from a giddy height to wondrous views below. My next recollection is of the region between the Rocky Mountains and the Wahsatch range where I made my first acquaintance with the abundant alkaline deposits of the desert. Great beds of saleratus repeatedly meet the view, and our faces burn and smart from the fine, powdered soil below, blown by the hot wind into the cars.

Among other curious things this day, I saw a high wall of rocks, containing so much petroleum, that they are highly combustible—indeed our road lay in a narrow pass right between two of these walls. After a comfortable tea at Rawlings—where are extensive stone works for repairing cars and engines—this day of wonders was crowned by the most glorious sunset I have ever beheld. A far-off city of gold was displayed to our view, so dazzling in its splendor, that it was a positive relief when a cloud curtain was drawn before it to veil the glories we could not choose but gaze upon. And through this cloud, with lining of gold, a light was transfused over the surrounding horizon, now mellow, now brilliant with every gorgeous tint of purple, crimson, and gold, while the distant mountains were lit up with its radiance. Yet, strange as it may seem, beyond our own party there was scarce half a dozen who seemed to note this sunset. Some were dozing, some chatting, some flirting, some playing cards. A pious clergyman and his wife, after a single hasty glance, returned to the lesson for the day they were reading in their pocket Bibles. Ah, why cannot folks learn how mighty is nature's God's world?

AUBER FORESTIER.

How it Feels to be Scalped.

A victim of Indian vengeance, in the present struggle along the borders, gives the following account of his experience:

I was in the infantry. Custer had command of the troops. There was quite a force of cavalry with us, but those were about a mile in the rear, when we first discovered the reds. Some of the troops had been sent round so as to attack from the other side. The reds were encamped in a sort of valley, and we were within eighty rods of them for half an hour before daylight. Just in the gray of the morning the firing commenced on both sides, and we had it all our own way for a few minutes; but at length they rallied and we could hear Black Kettle ordering and shouting. The varmin got into holes and behind rocks—anywhere they could find a place—and began to fight back with a will. We fired wherever we could see a top-knot, and shot squaws—there were lots of them—just as quick as Indians. When it was fully daylight, we gave a big yell and charged right down into the camp. The lodges were all standing yet, and lots of Indians in them. As we ran through the alley, a big red jumped out from behind a tent, and before I could shorten up enough to run him through with my bayonet, a squaw grabbed me around the legs and twisted me down. The camp was full of men fighting, and everybody seemed yelling as loud as he could.

When I fell, I went over backward, dropping my gun, and I had just got part way up again, when the squaw yanked me by the hair and the Indian clubbed my gun and struck me across the neck. The blow stunned me; the squaw kept screeching and pulling my hair out by the handsfull. I heard some of our boys shouting close by, and the squaw started and run, one of the boys killing her not three rods off. The Indian stepped one foot on my chest, and with his hand gathered up the hair near the crown of my head. He wasn't very tender about it, but jerked my head this way and that, like Satan. My eyes were partially open, and I could see the bead work and trimming on his leggins. Suddenly I felt the awfullest biting, cutting flash go round my head, and then it seemed to me just as if my head had been jerked clean off. I never felt such pain in all my life; it was like pulling my brains right out. I didn't know anything for two or three days, and when I came to I had the sorest head of any human being that ever lived. If the boys killed the viper they didn't get back my scalp; perhaps it got lost in the snow. I was shipped down to Laramie after a bit, and all the nursing I got ain't made the hair grow out on this spot yet.

☞ Ivory is used for the manufacture of combs, piano keys, &c. The elephants' tusks are purchased at from $2.50 to $5 per pound. The tusks received vary from six to nine feet in length, the former being about the average. They have been found weighing ninety pounds, though the average is but seventy pounds. The tusks are hollow in the centre up to the point where they grow out of the heads, while a small nerve runs clear to the tip of the tusk.

☞ Half of the people of the world are unhappy because of the worry and fuss they insist in putting upon their shoulders. The world is an exceedingly clever place in which to spend twenty, forty, seventy years and more, but the people in it are perpetually engaged in blocking their own and one another's happiness. There might be sunshine every day and starshine every night if things were arranged as they should and might be.

☞ President Grant declined accepting the land offered him at Bricksburg, New Jersey, as well as several lots tendered him at Long Branch. He has purchased Howard Potter's cottage, with three acres of land, fronting the ocean, at Long Branch.

☞ The New York Express confesses that divorces can be obtained with as much ease in that city as in Chicago.

☞ In some parts of Indiana the farmers give half their wheat crop to whoever will harvest and thresh the whole.

☞ Anthracite is simply bituminous coal "coked" by nature's fires.

☞ So many deaths from sun-stroke have taken place on the East Indian Railway, India, that the directors have ordered a supply of coffins to be kept at the various stations on the line. A cheerful sight for passengers.

☞ Women were employed, and commended, as compositors in Italy as early as 1481.

☞ The Jewish Record says that the Synod of Jewish Rabbis, which has just been held, has recognized three new principles. 1. Individual authority in religious matters. 2. The primary importance of free scientific investigation. 3. The rejection of the belief in Israel's restoration.

☞ A young woman in Newcastle, England, recently died from a disease communicated by the chignon she wore, which is supposed to have contained some of the hair known to be supplied to chignon makers from the cemeteries and hospitals of the East.

☞ Macklin was once lecturing upon literature, the stage, etc., and in discussing the education of memory, boasted that he could repeat any formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was in the audience, and at once wrote and sent to the stand that rigmarole that has since grown so famous: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop; 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picininies, the Joblillies, and the Gayrullies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots." Macklin failed, and so has everybody else that ever tried to repeat it.

☞ Liszt is reported to have said that Napoleon is the best octave piano-player in the world, owing to the peculiar form of his hand.

Linen Marking.

The marking of linen is a very useful if not ornamental exercise in the art of calligraphy; and M. Kuhr, a German chemist, has propounded a new method for the process. He first saturates the linen with a solution of one part of hypophosphite of soda and two of gum in sixteen parts of distilled water. The linen is then ironed, and when dry, can be written upon with a quill pen charged with a solution of one part of nitrate of silver and six of gum, in six parts of distilled water. If this method should prove a success, it ought to facilitate, not only the ordinary marking of linen for domestic purposes, but also an artistic application of the same principle. I have very frequently found that among those things that command a ready and high-priced sale at bazaars for charitable purposes, are sets of doylies, on the central portion of which have been drawn designs in marking-ink. For years past I have contributed to bazaars such sets of doylies, which are produced at a slight cost and meet with a ready sale. Of course the drawings must be made by a practised hand, because the materials do not admit of erasure or correction; and, as the marking-ink is almost colorless until after it has been held before a hot fire, the effect of the drawing (as in copper-plate etching) must be guessed and felt before it can be seen. In this respect the German chemist's invention ought to be an improvement. In the sets of doylies drawn with marking-ink I have found that those which sell best at bazaars are humorous subjects and grotesque designs; and, perhaps, they will be found of use in helping a conversationally-lame man over the impediments of the last half hour at the dinner-table. But, for particular purposes, views of particular places can be introduced; and, when drawn for a wedding-present, or for a certain person, initials, coats-of-arms, monograms, etc., may be added.

Lepers.

The San Francisco Bulletin gives a long account of the lepers' settlement on a peninsula of the Island of Molokai. The place is very difficult of access, and when a leper has once been conducted thither he never returns. The settlement was established a little more than three years ago, and during that time 870 lepers have been cared for, of whom 84 have died. The 286 remaining cases are persons ranging in age from six to eighty years, and the term of their affliction varies from less than one year to fifteen years. The husbands and wives of those stricken with leprosy frequently live with them, and often for a long time without contracting the disease. The sick are generally quite cheerful; for, although they are aware that their cases are hopeless, leprosy is a painless disease, and all their senses become so benumbed that they lose the feeling of self-loathing which one would suppose they must have in their horrible condition.

☞ To be always contented—consider that you will never in this life be free from annoyances, and that you may as well bear them patiently as fret about them.

☞ Charles Wesley is said to have written seven thousand hymns.

☞ Man asks two questions, "Can you love me?" and "Will you marry me?" If a woman is too quick in answering the first, he seldom asks the second.

☞ There is a time when thou mayest say nothing, and a time when thou mayest say something; but there will never be a time when thou shouldst say all things.

☞ The benefit of second marriages—The first wife being *a loss*, you recover by marrying *a gain*.

☞ It is said that Queen Victoria is very fond of knitting, and has furnished many of the poor people about Balmoral with stockings of her own manufacture.

☞ An Alabama editor, in puffing a grocery kept by a woman, says: "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

☞ In Wagner's new opera Rheingold, there is a scene representing a river with real water, through which a nymph swims to a rock and there sings. The actress who undertakes the part is learning swimming, as Wagner stipulates for a real river. But if realism is to be carried thus far, he ought also to stipulate for a real water-nymph. We fear a human performer will be likely to take a cold from such a feat, and have a voice in consequence less like that of a water-nymph, than of a sea-horse.—*London Fun.*

☞ The difference between the bachelor and the married man is that the former has to look out for number one, and the latter for number two.

☞ The "airy, fairy Lilian" of Tennyson's dainty muse is now a Mrs. Rawnesley, mother of seven children.

☞ The editor of the Dayton Ledger says he has endeavored several times to get the name of Samuel Bowles into his paper, but the perverse compositor always gets it Bowels.

☞ Victor Hugo thinks Swinburne the poet of the age; Swinburne, in reciprocation, thinks Victor the poet of the ages.

☞ In a recent seizure of a champagne-making establishment in New York the articles found on hand were four barrels of common white wine, one barrel of molasses, and one barrel of vitriol.

☞ A rattlesnake, with forty-five rattles, was lately killed in Tennessee, according to a local paper, which adds that "for weeks previous he terrified the whole country with his noise at night."

☞ Excited Frenchman at Niagara Falls—"Ah! dis is de grand spectakel! Superb! Magnifique! By gar, he is come down first-rate!"

☞ John Jones, a young base baller, of New York, having over-exerted himself, at a match a few days since, and then eaten a hearty supper, died suddenly.

☞ The science of velocipede riding is mostly comprised in a few words: You straddle, paddle, and then skedaddle.

☞ A crusty old bachelor says he thinks it is woman, and not her wrongs that ought to be redressed.

☞ A French child ask the priest the other day, "Why is it, Father, that we ask every day for our daily bread, instead of asking our bread for a week, month, or the whole year?" "Why, you little goose, to have it fresh, to be sure," was the reply.

☞ "Alas!" said a moralizing bachelor within earshot of a witty young lady of the company, "this world is at best but a gloomy prison!" "Yes," sighed the merciless minx, "especially to the poor creatures doomed to solitary confinement!"

☞ "I know by a little what a great deal means," as a gander said when he saw the tip of a fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

Carried Up by His Kite.

A young lad at Lake Station, Mississippi, had a very large and beautiful kite presented to him, about six feet by four in size, which he attempted to raise on the 2d inst., just as the wind was increasing and a storm was threatening. The wind drew the kite so heavily as to drag the boy along also. To prevent losing the favorite, he wound the cord around his body. At last the gust bore kite and boy along in the rapid air currents. The boy seemed to be about one hundred feet above the earth, and the kite five times that distance. At last the young kite-flier caught in the top of a tree, and was suspended seventy-five feet above the ground. A flood of rain came on, slackening the line, abating the wind, and allowing the little sufferer to be rescued. He was found to be unconscious, and so bruised and marred as to be scarcely recognized; but was restored the same evening, and is now doing well.

The Great Medical Mistake

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. It is not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and powerful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The result is such a condition of the system as renders it *all but impervious* to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alterations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safeguards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. aug7 4t

THE Arabs illustrate their estimate of the different colors of horses by the following story:—"A chief of a tribe was once pursued by his enemies. He said to his son: 'My son, drop to the rear, and tell me the color of the horses of our foe, and may Allah burn his grandfather!' 'White,' was the answer. 'Then we will go south,' said the chief, 'for in the vast plains of the desert the wind of a white horse will not stand in a protracted chase.' Again the chief said: 'My son, what colored horses pursue us?' 'Black, oh my father!' 'Then we will go among the stones and on rocky ground, for the feet of black horses are not strong.' A third time the young Arab was sent to the rear, and reported chestnut horses. 'Then,' said the chief, 'we are lost. Who but Allah can deliver us from the chestnut horse?' Dun, or cream-colored horses, the Arabs consider worthless, and fit only for Jews to ride."

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sept26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

FOUL AIR.—Are housekeepers aware that foul air enough to seriously taint a whole house rises from the drains of stationary washstands left open over night? The lecturer at the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, censured this carelessness of leaving sink and basin drains open, in strong language. In this warm weather, when every possible miasmatic germ develops quickly, this point ought not to be neglected.

Important Notice.

Farmers, families, and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea Sickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back, and Chest. The Venetian Liniment was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating, if it was ten dollars a bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of certificates can be seen at the depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Price, fifty cents and one dollar. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. aug7-4t

OLD BOOKS.—Every one has seen in old books the round holes eaten into them by insects. They are produced by what is called the boring wood-beetle. A case is recorded where a single insect passed through twenty-seven folio volumes standing together on a shelf, in such a manner that a cord could be passed through the hole from the first to the last, and the whole twenty-seven volumes could be lifted at once.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-4t

☞ A singular succession of fatalities occurred at Princeton, Kentucky, a few days ago. An immense millstone rolled from a wagon down hill, crashed through a fence, upset a number of beehives, the enraged inhabitants of which stung three children so that they died, and the millstone, still rolling on, bounded into a stock pasture and killed two horses and a calf.

The Way to Find a Husband.

Girls, study more common sense and less wit.

More useful occupation and less music.

More study of the mysteries of the kitchen and less of the mysteries of Paris.

More mending of shirts and stockings and less making of bracelets.

Less display of toilets that appall the purses of candidates for wedlock.

More proof to men that they will find in a wife a helpmate, and not an embarrassment.

This recipe, if thoroughly tried, will greatly lessen the number of bachelors and increase happy homes.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ A Swedenborgian named Parker is attracting some notice in Toronto, by the relation of his curious spiritual experiences. He declares that he was taken up into Heaven, which is divided into zones like the earth. The frigid zone is peopled by Unitarians, who wear lions' skins on their heads, tigers' skins on their bodies, and bears' skins on their feet, and ride in chariots of ice drawn by horses without any tails.

Dr. Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 458 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

☞ It is a mistake to suppose that practical men are destitute of theory; they abound in views, in ideas, in rules which they call experience, but which are nevertheless their theory.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—How painful and annoying it is to have the lips cracked and chapped, so that one can scarcely open the mouth or smile. A single application of the Ointment makes the skin soft and well.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of March, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. ROBERT MCDONALD to Miss MAGGIE STUART, daughter of Jas. Stuart, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wylie, D. D., JOHN W. HENRY to Miss ANNA CAMPBELL, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. GUSTAVE W. BERT to Miss SADIE V. BEACKIN, both of this city.

On the 3d of July, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JAMES S. RICHARDSON to Miss MAGGIE R. RILEY, daughter of Mr. Samuel Riley, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. JAMES C. KNERR to Miss CHARLOTTE HAMILTON, both of this city.

On the 5h instant, by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, D. D., Mr. JOHN G. FERGUSON to Miss KATE P. EVANS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, ANNA M. ETRIS, in her 27th year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. MARY BLOODGOOD, aged 81 years.

On the 9th instant, HANNAH A. MACKETT, in her 38th year.

On the 9th instant, at Oxford, Chester county, Pa., AUGUSTUS, wife of Edward Genther, in her 30th year.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES S. LESCH, in his 43d year.

On the 8th instant, JACOB GILBOUGH, in his 73d year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM R. MITCHELL, in his 30th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. SARAH KING, aged 67 years.

On the 7th instant, JOHN A. FOWLER, in his 54th year.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

"No longer young"—O, infidel mistake!
"No longer fair"—O, pagan no such thing!
The things that only seem we ever take
For real things, though ever taking wing:
These hairs so gray are not of me, though mine,
Nor yet these wrinkles, creeping fold on fold;
Youth, as in youth, hath every inward sign,
And I grow young as I am growing old.

'Tis thought alone, not years, by which we grow;
'Tis but in soul, not body, that we be;
We bourgeon into youth, as more we know,
And shine more fair as more we learn to see;
Not on the shell that shuts us in the dark
Is seen the light that cannot break aglow,
But through it falls the splendor, spark on spark,
To stir the germ and set its life a-flow.

"No longer young"—O, we are born but old,
And youth and innocence lie far before;
"No longer fair"—but we put off the mold
With which at first we enter at the door;
We kindle into glory day by day
If but our lives are kept apart from show;
Not what we take, but what we put away,
Of sodden earth's, is that by which we grow.

We walk the corridors that are not seen,
Nor built with hands, nor ever shall decay;
And what we know is not where we have been,
But what the treasure is we bring away.
In youth we walk them with reluctant feet,
For youth is feeble, and its way is long;
But when in age, as Arab coursers fleet,
We bound the heavenly path—for age is strong.

"No longer young"—O, pagan no such thing!
"No longer fair"—O, infidel mistake!
Youth and delight are all that years can bring—
Decay and age are all that years may take:
These steps so feeble and this form so frail
Denote a strength that shall forever hold;
I see more clearly as my eyes do fail,
And I grow young as I am growing old.

NEVER PLAYED OUT.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

CURATE OF MARL HILL WRITES.

No; I am not in the fens, old friend, though you may smell them when the wind blows from the sea, and though a considerable portion of the largest estate in the parish is certainly marsh-land, as yet unreclaimed. Marl Hill proper is really not called so in satire; it is on rising ground, the first wave of the wolds: the house I live in is at least eighty feet above the sea-level. The land all about is thoroughly drained and highly cultivated; and if you will come to see me, I will insure you against ague, unless, of course, you get it by voluntarily going into its strongholds to shoot wild-fowl.

It is a trifle dull, I must confess; so that you must expect to get long-winded, old-fashioned letters in exchange for your occasional penny-post notes. One cannot read all the long evenings and all the mornings too; and sermon-writing is not a difficult style of composition here, for it is impossible to be too simple; you must talk rather than preach if you want to catch the attention of the people. These are scattered about, living in disgraceful cottages, upon the different estates. There are one or two small farmers, but the greater part of the land about here is let out and cultivated in a wholesale way, and one farm of a thousand acres pretty well takes up a parish. That is why the vicar has two, I suppose. He is one of the old school, and took things pretty easy; had morning service in the one church, and evening service in the other, every Sunday; married, buried, and christened when obliged to do so, and bothered himself no further. He has been ordered off to Madeira for his health, by a homœopathist, one would say, and on the principle that like cures like, if, as scandal reports, his ailments are traceable to his fondness for that too seductive wine. At anymate, he required a curate to take his place, and here I am. After the fashion of new brooms, I want to perform some sweeping, but it is very difficult to do anything. The people are more heathenish than I had any idea was possible in this Christian country; but the job is to get at them. The women and children are out at work almost as much as the men; and district-visiting is impossible when the cottages are locked up and empty, or in the charge of a young girl, who also has to look after her small brothers and sisters. Drunkenness is not very prevalent, because the beer-shops are few and far between; but the devil does not lose much, for opium-eating is a common habit. It is a fact, I assure you. When you come here, you shall be taken to the chemist's in the nearest village on Saturday evening, and see the piles of opium pills he sells to the laboring classes. I tried tracts, but found that very few could read them. However, I have managed to double my congregations, and have established a Sunday-school, which is a beginning. I hope to get up an infant-school for week-days, next. You asked me what sort of a life I led, you know, so if these matters bore you, I am not responsible.

I should like a little more civilized society, I confess, for, not being able to afford a horse, I am well nigh neighborless. The property about here belongs nominally—for I believe it is mortgaged as heavily as it will bear—to a Major Holcombe, who lives with his only child, a daughter, at the Marl, which must have been a nice place once, but now— I do not know how to describe it to you; think of Hood's Haunted House. The stables are in ruins; the garden is a wilderness; there is good feed on the drive up to the front door, which is never opened, the people going in and out by the back ways. As for the master, he has just recovered from an attack of D. T., but is dying. He has something on his mind, I think, or I doubt whether he would care so much for my company, or listen so patiently to all I have to say on religious matters, especially as I must seem a mere boy to him. I was rather stumped at first, but he soon began to talk skepticism, and arguing set me all right. And then I do look ten years over my age; that is one of the advantages of being ugly. He is constantly on the point of telling me some secret, only I do not encourage him, and he often says that he will write something down, and leave directions for the paper to be given me after his death. What is my duty, I wonder? If one were a Roman, I suppose it would be clear; but you see I am not even in priest's orders yet, and altogether I had rather be without his secret. But probably it is all nonsense. A man just out of D. T. is never right in his head; and yet, I daresay, his conscience is bad enough, for he has led a queer life, by all accounts. He has run through three fortunes, they say, two of his own, and one of his wife's, whose heart he also broke, they say; but "they" always do say that of a spendthrift. When his wife died, he disappeared for a while; went yachting, to dodge his creditors, and placed his daughter, who was but ten, at school. He was away for eight years, and then he returned here, and brought his girl with him. And a strange life that poor young lady must have led, considering that she is not a Di Vernon. Only men came to the Marl, and those of the fastest. Major Holcombe wanted her to marry one of them, the son of an attorney and land-agent who had made his fortune, named Naisley; but Miss Lucy would not have him. Perhaps, however, she would have been bullied into it, only Naisley got a fall out hunting which injured his spine.

I can see you grinning, but you are quite out. I do not believe that I should ever fall in love with her. She is good-looking, no doubt, and friendly enough; but she has got some great sorrow weighing upon her. Her father's state would of course account for a certain melancholy; but there is more than that; there is mystery, suspense, expectation of something which never happens, and which yet *may* happen, in the expression of her face. I have not made my meaning clear, but no matter; I could not if I tried for a twelvemonth. Miss Holcombe is my only ally in the small reforms which are being attempted; without her aid, I doubt whether the Sunday-school would ever have become a fact. I close this in haste, for a messenger has come to say that this same Major Holcombe is *in extremis*, and calls for me.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNFINISHED RUBBER.

The strangest thing has happened, Brown; Major Holcombe is dead. The paper he taked about leaving for me to read is lying before me, and it affords a clue to our mystery—I mean about poor Godwin. Do you remember the minute details of that evening? I think *I* do, and propose to jot them down here. If I am incorrect in any particular, perhaps you may be able to set me right: then, please send this letter on to Thorpe, and ask him to supplement our memories still further. I want to have the account very accurate, because legal proceedings may follow upon the steps which I shall feel bound to take.

Our happy Cambridge life was drawing to a close; indeed, I had taken my degree, and only remained up because I had a scholarship to run out. You others were still undergraduates, but were going in for your final examinations in the winter, and it was late in the October term. To be precise, it was on the 4th of November, 1840, exactly three years ago. You came up to the B. A. table in hall, touched me on the shoulder, and said: "Come to my rooms afterwards, and have a rubber." I accepted at once, for you had brought some very excellent port wine from home with you, and there were a few bottles still left. Just then, Thorpe passed, and you invited him. Thorpe fancied that he could play very well at whist, and did not like to sit down with an inferior performer; so, beforge giving a decided answer, he asked who the fourth was. "Hylas Godwin," you replied. "All right," said Thorpe; "I'll come." Who first called Godwin, Hylas? It was a capital nickname, for it just hit off his style of beauty. What a good-looking fellow he was, certainly the handsomest man of our time. Rather conceited, perhaps, as youngsters who are admired by women are wont to be, and finikin in his dress. Yet he was clever too, though, maybe, not such a genius as we esteemed him; and I do not think that I have ever met with a more agreeable companion. Gerrard said better things, but in so confused a way that they lost their pungency in the uttering: he always went shy in the middle of a joke. But Godwin rattled out any absurdity that came into his head in a manner which was irresistible. And he was in particularly good cue at the whist-table—not that he ever spoke during the play, he was far too keen a lover of the game for that, but between the deals he made amends for previous silence, and generally kept his three companions on the grin till the hands were sorted and the first card led.

He was in his usual spirits that evening, nor could we afterwards recall a word or look which seemed to show that he had anything on his mind, or any presentiment of evil.

We sat for a little while round the fire, drinking a glass or two of your port, and then opened the card-table, and cut for partners. It was you and Thorpe against Godwin and myself. The cards fell very evenly, and the first rubber, which you won, was very protracted, so that we had hardly finished the first game of the second when we heard the chapel bell going, and Thorpe cried that he was short of his chapels for the week, and must keep that one.

"I have had a notice from the dean too," said Godwin, "but I'll cut chapel and finish the rubber for all that, if Thorpe will."

But Thorpe was firm. We abused him for his laziness in not getting up for morning service, and so securing evenings of unbroken comfort; but he prided himself on his sloth, and took our sarcasms for compliments. When he actually rose and threw his gown on, it became evident that our rubber was really to be interrupted, so we all agreed to wipe a chapel off our score, leaving the cards on the table, and returning to finish the game directly service was over.

Do you wonder at my writing down these minute details? I am purposely allowing my mind to dwell on every little particular, because, to tell the truth, I can think of nothing else just now, and I find my memory very vivid. I can see the counters I had just stuck under a candlestick to mark a double; the patterns on the back of our pack and of yours. I can see Godwin's face as he said to me: "Now don't you go rushing off to your rooms for a pipe after chapel, as you are so fond of doing. Come straight back to Brown's, and dont keep us waiting. I will give you a cigar if you have forgotten your baccy." And then in a loud aside to Thorpe, as we ran across the court: "He never can resist smoking another fellow's cigars. Oh, I know where to have him!"

We were just in time to get in before the chapel doors were closed, and as we were walking up the aisle, he whispered in my ear: "If you *do* admit a secular thought during the next half hour, partner, let it be a meditation upon the propriety of leading trumps when you hold five."

Though three years have elapsed, I think I could swear to those being his exact words. How little I thought at the moment that they were the last I should ever hear him utter.

We all missed each other in the crowd on coming out; and when you, Thorpe, and myself met again at your door a few seconds afterwards, Godwin was not there. We went in and lit the candles, and laughed at his being the last, after the fuss he had made about the punctuality of others. You said that the porter had met you in crossing the court, and had given you a letter; so we concluded that the same thing had happened to Godwin, and that he had gone to his own rooms, to see what it was about, before joining us. We speculated upon its being a *billet-doux*, and joked about Hylas and the nymphs, speaking finally rather harshly of the supposed lady, whose letter we assumed to have caused this delay in resuming our rubber.

It is curious to note how the first thought of suspicion or alarm comes into the mind with a flash—by instinct apparently. No doubt, some reasoning process has been going on with such subtlety as to be unfelt, and that which we often call a presentiment, is merely a logical conclusion. For some time on that evening, we never doubted but what the absent man would come in from minute to minute. The open card-table, with its two lighted candles, the cards, and the counters upon it, stood as it had been left. The sofa was drawn up in front of the fire, and you lay on it; Thorpe and I sat in two easy-chairs on either side; and so we remained, smoking and chatting, for upwards of an hour.

And then I perfectly remember experiencing a sudden uneasiness, which caused me to look across at Thorpe, and I read a similar feeling in his eyes. We both turned to you, and the expression on our faces must have been very plain, for you at once said: "What! you do not expect that there is anything the matter with him?"

"Of course not," replied Thorpe. "But—there would be no harm in going to his rooms to see."

We went, and found the outer door sported; and while we were hammering and shouting, the gyp came by and told us that Mr. Godwin had gone out of college, not wearing his academical dress, and carrying a carpet-bag. On going to the lodge, we heard this story confirmed by the porter, who also said that there *had* been a letter for him. We learned next day that he had left a note for his tutor, saying that urgent family matters obliged him to leave immediately, but that he would return or write as soon as he could. And that was the last of him.

He was a man who seemed pretty well alone in the world, so far as relatives were concerned. He had entered himself at college, and the tutor knew no one to communicate with. Of course a man could not disappear like that without causing some sensation in the university, but all inquiries were fruitless, and the majority of his acquaintances soon forgot him. The mystery of the affair struck us three, however, with a sort of awe, besides that, being his most intimate friends, we were naturally the most anxious to learn what had become of him. We even, you may remember, made a note of the state of the game of whist at the time we rose from it, and agreed that, if ever we could meet with Godwin again, we would play it out. That can never be. For here, on the borders of the Lincolnshire fens, I have unexpectedly come upon the traces of our old friend, and the cause of his disappearance. I will copy out Major Holcombe's—confession I suppose I must call it, though I hate the word, and will send it you, but you must not show it to any one, at all events at present.

CHAPTER III.

THE PATRICIAN'S CONFESSION.

It is true, it is true, that which you have preached to me, that which I believed when I was a child, that which I have scoffed at as an old wife's fable. All is not over when this machine of flesh and blood stops. When a young man goes to the money-lender, the present pleasure seems so very real, the future burden so distant and intangible, that the idea of self-denial is to him like grasping at shadows, and missing the substance; but pay-day comes, and ruin. "A short life and a merry one," cries the lad; but the merriment evaporates, leaving the nerves shattered, the body diseased, the heart full of bitterness and misery; and I feel a conviction that this is part of an inexorable system which extends after we are able to trace it. In whatever direction we seek to probe the mysteries that surround us, we are lost in infinity. Space is infinite, and time, and life. Motion is infinite; the moon revolving round the earth, the earth round the sun, this solar system round another, till the brain reels: is not retribution infinite likewise? These thoughts are new to me; I but grasp them vaguely, express them crudely, but they burn in my soul. Oh, the innocent hearts into which I have infused the germs of evil! Oh, the weak ones vascillating between good and bad whom I have drawn devilwards! Repent of my own sins? Ay, if that were all; but how to account for the eternal wrong I have done to others? And the one great crime which renders my conscience sensitive to the sins which I might otherwise have forgotten, on this side the judgment at least, how can I atone for that? By confessing it to you? No, no; and yet I have a thirst to do it, a desire not new to me. I have written the details in the form of a narrative, which will be placed in your hands at the same time as this letter. I began this account, of what it was the one remaining object of my life to hide, some months ago, carefully stopping at those details which would criminate me. I have not finished it now even, as I write this; but I will before you have it; yes, if my head keeps clear, and my strength holds. Criminate me? What do I mean? Nothing I could say would do that. But my nerves are not what they were; it is years and years since men first began to notice that I cringed at my fences; and I see visions since that illness. For weeks a young man stood over against me night and day, with a bloody bruise on one side of his head, and a look so pitiful and reproachful, that it was a miracle I did not go mad. Will faces come around one like that hereafter?

I was what prudes and parsons call wild, I suppose; not worse, perhaps, than my neighbors, but more careless. I never could think economy anything but mean; and I confess to having been a fool in money matters. Though a younger son, I had a fair portion, quite as much as any man in my regiment—and I spent every penny of it. Then my elder brother died, and I came into the estates, and soon had them pretty well dipped. To get clear, I married a woman with money, whom I never liked so much as she deserved, for she loved me well, and stuck to me through everything—ay, to the very last. If it had been left to her, there would have been no settlements; but, her people insisted on my tying up a few thousands for her and her children—she brought me but one, a girl, and died a few years afterwards. I was again involved in money difficulties by that time, so I put Lucy at a good school, and went to the Mediterranean in Lord Plunger's yacht. He was shirking the bailiffs too; and we cruised about together for some years. It was only in '39 that I could return to England, and then I settled here, and began to look about me. There is a deal of marsh-land on the estate, and I had a mind to try draining a part of it, as many landholders have done in the county, to the great improvement of their property. But there was no capital to start with, and Marl Hill would not stand another mortgage; so then I thought of Lucy's money, which was lying idle in the funds. The estate is not bound to go to the male branch, but will come to her after my death, so the tied-up capital could not be laid out better for her than in reclaiming this fen. One of the trustees was dead, and the other very ill at the time—only had a bit of one lung, people said; but it seems to have grown again, for he has got better, they tell me. He was living in Devonshire, and there was a difficulty about communicating with him, as also about the transaction altogether; there always is in such matters, I believe. However, it was got over, and a part of the money was withdrawn, and applied in the way which promised to be so much more advantageous.

There was not much to start such an undertaking with; and I had to begin in a small way, and do it cheaply. I found a man named Bradley, who professed to understand draining, and bargained with him to keep a party of five men at work on the place most favorable for a start; and they built some wooden huts on a dry spot in the marsh, so as to live close to their operations. Whenever he had an opportunity, Bradley was to add to the number of his workmen, so that sometimes there would be ten or twelve employed, but never less than five. The draining did not go on fast, but then the wages paid were very small; the truth being that Bradley and his gang carried on more profitable business, and found working for me useful as a blind. This got suspected, and the fellows were called "Holcombe's Rough uns" by their own class, "Holcombe's Ruffians" by mine. I got rather a bad name amongst certain people; but what did that matter to me? Everybody is liable to that.

Bradley's gang were a bad lot, no doubt. They drank a good deal of spirits, to keep off the ague, and were suspected of brewing their own medicine. They were clever poachers, and never got caught; they kept up communication with vessels in the Humber, and made use of a small but navigable stream about four miles off for smuggling purposes. Some very queer fellows hid for awhile in those wooden huts sometimes, I daresay. But I do not preserve and hold no office in either the Excise or Customs, so I got my draining done cheaply, and asked no questions.

Lucy was too old to be kept at school any longer, so I sent for her to the Marl; and a few days after her arrival a man named Naisley, the son of a Louth lawyer, who has bought land near here, and wishes to be thought a country gentleman, saw her, and fell in love with her. Naisley is rich, and the marriage would have been a good thing on that account; but besides that, he knew all the rights of the difficulty I had had about that money which was tied up by settlement, for he was still a sort of sleeping-partner in the legal business, and the firm had transacted all my affairs, so that Naisley had opportunities of making any inquiries he chose, and suspected something not quite right. I had reasons therefore for taking up his cause pretty warmly; but there was a difficulty. As I was not on good terms with any of the distant branches of my family, there had been no one to receive Lucy during her holidays, and I had made arrangements with the schoolmistress to let her remain with her all the year round. But when the girl grew into a young woman, she formed romantic friendships with other girls, whose parents asked her to their homes; and when the matter was referred to me, I saw no reason to forbid her accepting such invitations. On one of these visits she met a young man, who fell in love with her; and when Naisley began to show her attention, and I backed him, she told me that she was engaged to this lad, who was a Cambridge undergraduate, and would not be in a position to marry probably for years. It was annoying; but I took it for granted that she would soon get over this girlish fancy, and made light of it at first. But the more I reasoned, the more she pleaded; and she would hardly treat Naisley with common civility. Then I lost my patience, and spoke harshly; and Lucy, who was very different from her mother, grew more obstinate as I insisted. Matters might have gone differently if she had respected me; but how should she think much of a father who was constantly drunk? Hardly a day passed without some violent scene; and in a short time we felt a positive aversion for each other—for I have always come to hate any one who opposed my will, and my feelings towards her reached almost as far, though she was my own child. I judge of her sentiments to me by her shrinking, as if she expected a blow, whenever I came upon her unexpectedly.

In the summer, during the long vacation, her lover came to Lincolnshire to see me; and learning from his own mouth that his patrimony was but a small one, I told him that I had other views for Lucy; that I disapproved of long engagements; and finally I forbade him to hold any further communication with her. He left the house without saying whether he would obey me or not, but hung about the neighborhood, and contrived several clandestine interviews with my daughter before I discovered what was going on. Then there was a quarrel, and blows were struck, though I confess that he was as forbearing as possible, and only threw me to the ground in self-defence. Still I hated him for it—hated him keenly and personally now, not merely as the cause of my plans being thwarted, and my safety endangered. I caused Lucy to be closely watched after this, for if she eloped with this Godwin, who must now look upon me as an enemy, he would make inquiries after a time about the property secured to his wife by her mother's marriage settlements. So, while her lover was in the neighborhood, I kept her a close prisoner in her own apartments. Soon after this, Naisley became pressing, and almost threatening, affecting to suspect that I was playing him false, and not doing my best to force Lucy to listen to him.

Early in the following November, I went up to Lucy's room one morning, with the intention of trying what conciliation would do, now that it was evident that she could not be compelled. She had been writing, and as I entered, she closed her blotting-book on the letter. After talking quietly for a little time, I alluded to this, and expressed a hope that she was not corresponding with the man who had made use of personal violence towards her father. Then she made a false move; had she remained quiet, it would never have occurred to me to examine what she had been writing; but she darted towards her blotting-book, and so roused my suspicions; and the next moment, in spite of her struggles and despairing cries, the letter, which was finished and signed, and the envelope, which was directed, were in my hands. She was accustomed to put on a quiet, protesting, persecuted-heroine air in her interviews with me; but now she fell at my feet, and clasped my knees, imploring me not to read what she had written. By which, of course, I knew that it was very important that I should do so; and when she found me determined to disregard her entreaties, she went into hysterics.

A glance showed me the purport of the letter. I then rang the bell, and told the servant to remain with her mistress till she recovered, and to lock the door upon her on leaving the room. Then I went to my private room, and studied the letter. Where could a young girl have got such boldness and such invention? It seemed that this lover of hers, Godwin,—to whom, of course, the letter was addressed—had endeavored to persuade her to elope with him on one of of those occasions when they had met in the summer; but that she had refused to take so serious a step, urging that he himself would think the worse of her afterwards for it. She now alluded to this, in order to own that she had been wrong: my tyranny, as she chose to call it, had become insupportable. I was determined to force her into marrying a man she positively hated. Then followed her reasons for thus hating Naisley, which showed considerable power of discerning character, and she positively appealed to her lover to come and save her from the cruel fate I designed her. But the most astounding part of the letter was the cunning and carefully studied plot which she had framed for the evasion. She knew that Godwin could not come undisguised into the neighborhood without my receiving early intelligence of it; so she directed him to dress himself as a navvy, and demand employment of Bradley. Men on the tramp to or from Hull often took a spell of work on my fen; and his making a similar application would excite no suspicion, or even particular attention. She was to disguise herself as a peasant, and they were to meet at a certain spot at eleven o'clock at night, and go off wherever he chose. Nothing was forgotten; she calculated the first possible night of his arrival, and said she would be at the appointed place on that, and if he were not there, on the next, then the next, till he came. She gave him a pass-word; told him the times of arrival and departure of the ferry-boats from Hull to the nearest town on the Lincolnshire side—in short, the whole thing might have been arranged by a Leporello or a Figaro.

I was nearly mad with humiliation and rage when I had read that letter carefully through. What had I said or done to drive an innocent young girl to plan and write it? Something probably inspired by drink and fear, which I remembered nothing of now I was sober. I cursed myself for my folly; I cursed Naisley, who had goaded me to it; the girl herself; and above all, this man, who had interfered to thwart my plans. I had spoiled this one scheme; but could I always make sure of equal success in the face of such method and such determination? Yes, if I could keep clear of drink; but drink was as necessary to me now as air.

I went up to the fire to throw the letter into it, when suddenly a thought came into my head—clear, distinct, inspired by the devil. Instead of burning the letter, I put it into the directed envelope, sealed it, rode over to the nearest village, and posted it with my own hands.

Then I visited the place where the draining was going on, called Bradley into one of the huts, and—

No, I will write down what I said to him when I have told everything else. Not yet, not yet. But I swear, and I know that I am a dying man, that I did not intend that to happen which did.

A few weeks afterwards, I saw Lucy for the first time since the day that I intercepted her letter, and told her that her determined opposition to my wishes had at length convinced me that they would not tend to her happiness, and that I was ready to give way in anything, rather than drive her to so disgraceful a step as an elopement. If this marriage, which she had so set her heart on, must take place, let everything be done decently and without scandal. She should no longer be imprisoned or watched, but might correspond with her lover, and even tell him that I was willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and see him, if he still continued in the same mind, and would come to the Marl.

Ah, that burst of gratitude! I have led a hardening life, but my heart is not quite seared; and it was an agony to hear her self-reproaches, her promises of filial duty, and her augeries of a happy future—an agony to see her step lighten, and the flush of health come back to her cheek; for I was a traitor, and I knew the sickening disappointment which was in store for her.

She wrote, and waited for an answer, which never came. She wrote again—a third time—still no response.

She sickened and pined; her eyes seemed to grow preternaturally large, and were turned on me at times with a look of mournful inquiry which was haunting. I can write no more now; I am giddy; the letters are confused. To-morrow.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLEBEIAN'S CONFESSION.

I read the first part of this unfinished manuscript, left for me by the man who now lies dead at the Marl, as the mere raving of a brain disordered by drams, till the name of Godwin caught my attention; and than a comparison of dates showed that this improbable story tallied exactly with our friend's mysterious disappearance, and

I could not doubt that he had met with foul play.

I write calmly now; but I was thrown into a terrible state of excitement at the time. The confession was incomplete, and he who had volunteered it could not write another line or utter another word. I am sorry, my dear Brown, that you cannot come here to pay me a visit at present, and I own that your reasons are valid; but had it been possible, you would have been of the very greatest assistance to me. I know you would feel the interest you say you do, and I will send you a continuous narrative of my success or failure in tracing what I fear will prove the last footsteps of our poor friend. The first thing will be to find this Bradley. Of course, it will be impossible to speak to Miss Holcombe till after the funeral; and if her late father's account is to be trusted, it would be inflicting needless pain to trouble her with the subject at all, except that she could confirm or contradict the various statements in that account of which she has cognizance, and so enable us to judge of its general trustworthiness.

Three weeks have elapsed since Major Holcombe's funeral, and I have strange news for you. I will not enter into the minor details of my proceedings, but leave them to be talked over when we meet, and confine myself now to results. I *did* speak to Miss Holcombe as soon as it was decent to do so, and she was much overcome on hearing that I had been poor Godwin's friend. It was also a great shock to her to learn that her late father had sent the letter he took away, which she was sure that Godwin had received, because the latter ones had been returned through the dead-letter office. It was not an easy matter at first to gain any tidings of Bradley, so I went to Hull, and put the matter in the hands of the police there, and they were able at once to trace him, as he was undergoing a sentence of imprisonment at Lincoln, to which town I proceeded. Then it appeared very doubtful whether any magistrate would commit him on a charge of murder, with no stronger evidence to go upon than the obscure hint of a man whose brain had been disordered; but Bradley, whose nerves seemed shaken by confinement, was so alarmed at the idea of such an accusation hanging over him, that he volunteered a confession of all he knew about the matter, which was taken down in writing, and here is a copy of it.

That there gentleman as came to the Marl Fen in November, 1840, murdered? Don't you believe it, sir; he weren't no more murdered than you are. I am an unlucky beggar, and always was, but to get into trouble along of having done for a bloke, as for all I know is a-eating of his dinner comfortable at this present moment, is too bad, it is. Ay, I know Major Holcombe thought he was dead; I let him think so for a reason, but bless yer, it was all kid. Ask Bill Blazer, Joe Kegge, Lushy Noggins, or Abe Snarem; ask Captain Blobber of the *Slosure*. How was it? Why, this is how it was.

I was digging in the Marl Fen one arternoon along with my mates, when the major rode up and called me; and when I got to him he beckoned with his head, and said low like: "Come here," so that I should go up quite close. And so I did, and put my hand on the horse's neck like, and he bent a bit and said: "Bradley," says he, "I know, of course, that you and your mates would not drain my land, at the price you're a-doing of it, unless you found the situation, and the excuse for living in these out-of-the-way huts, convenient. Well, that's nought to me," says he; "it's a mootooal advantage, and I'm not a-going to see you fall into a trap for want of a word o' warning. The custom-house people is arter you; they've got an idea there's a bit of running done in these parts, now and then, and that Holcombe's rough uns have summut to do with it. And there's a spy coming to-morrow, or the day arter; he will be dressed like a navvy, and come to you to be took on at the draining, so that he may live in the huts here, and find out everything. Be all friendly and mate-like until he gets the chance to betray you, you understand?"

"Thank ye, major," says I; "now we shall know how to make him comfortable. He shall have a pleasant evening, and I dare say he will be in a hurry to come back for another."

"Well, Bradley," says he, "money ain't plentiful here, but I do so hate a spy—special when he comes a-interfering with my workmen—that I think I could find a ten-pun note somewheres if he got a warning to mind his own business done clever, so that there ain't a noise about it."

When the major spoke of paying, I saw he was up to a game, so I says: "If we should make a mistake, major, and we found arterwards he were not a preventive at all, that would hurt our feelings uncommon, and you would make it fifty, then, wouldn't you?"

"P'raps I would," said he, and rode away.

Well, I explained the matter to my mates, for there was only us five reg'lar ones working at the time; that is, I told them a preventive spy was coming, and kept the idea that the major might have a grudge against the chap to myself—there warn't no call to speak of that. We agreed what we'd do: that were, to receive him friendly and unsuspicious; get drinking, and start a quarrel, quite promisc'ous like, and then give it him stiffish—all under seeming of a pleasant, quiet fight, and no malice.

He came the third day after, I think it it wor, but I won't kiss the book to the actooal day. There was no mistaking him: he was dressed like a navvy, sure enough, but he'd small, delicate hands, mudded over artificial; and he weren't used to the heavy boots he'd on, for his steps didn't drag. He acted his part very well, though; sat down and blew his baccy quite friendly, and offered to stand a couple o' gallons to wet his footing.

"There ain't a public nearer nor o' couple o' miles, worse luck," says Joe Kegge.

"Haven't you got a drop of something handy, in stock, as it were?" says the stranger; and I saw my mates look queer at that; it made 'em feel sartain this were the preventive spy.

"Well," says Joe, "there's a couple o' bottles o' stuff which was sent to us from the Marl, in case one on us should feel a touch of the rheumatics coming on."

"Let's have 'em," says the stranger; and we did. But he tried to shirk drinking himself, and that made an excuse for a quarrel.

I'm not going to deny that that stranger got something for himself; two of my mates had drunk as much as they could do with, and punished him more than we meant. And just then the major came down, and had a look into the hut; none of the others twigged him, but I did. He had been lushing pretty free, as he always did, and I suppose couldn't keep away. But he looked precious scared at what he saw, and I expect it pretty well sobered him. The stranger was lying on the floor of the hut, face upards, senseless, with a nasty place on his temple. He did look uncommon dead sure-ly. But he warn't, bless yer, not a bit. When the major was gone—and he only held the door ajar, gave a look in, and was off—I washed the chap's bruises, and made him tidy with a hankercher round his head. And then we played him a trick. The day before, Captain Blobber, of the *Slosure*—which is a whaler, and he her skipper—comes to me and says:

"Do you know one Jack Sherks, who lives hereabouts? Because he came to me and engaged himself, and I gave him an advance to clench the bargain, and we sail on Saturday, and he hasn't turned up."

Now, I knew Jack Sherks well enough, and that he didn't mean to sail in the *Slosure*. He'd been a whaling once, and didn't much like it; but being down on his luck, he engaged to Captain Blobber, and then heard tell of something he liked better, and was hiding till the ship was off. But I wasn't going to split on an old pal, for Jack and I had done a little together in the smuggling way; so I says:

"No, I haven't seen him lately; but if I do, I'll bring him if I can."

"If you will," says he, "I'll reward you handsome, for I'm full short of hands. Or if you bring me any other sailor, and there's many has a friend hereabouts," says he, hinting delicate at my character for a bit of contraband, "I'll make it worth your while."

I thanked him, and said I'd do my best, and forgot all about it till that night, when the stranger was a-lying stupid on the floor of the hut. It was Friday, and the *Slosure* sailed next day, for the wind was favorable. Captain Blobber had only set eyes on Jack Sherks once, and couldn't know him well; so the trick I thought of was to take the stranger down to Grimsby in a spring-cart I knew how to get the loan off, and see if we could get him shipped for Jack. Well, we fetched the cart, and put the stranger into it. He had come round a bit, and groaned now and then, but didn't know where he was, or what we were doing with him; and we got him to Grimsby, where I found Captain Blobber at the house where he told me to ask for him. I said that I had met Jack Sherks at a public disguised as a navvy, and he had got drunk and been fighting, and got a knock on the head, but I didn't think it would be much, so I had brought him. The skipper got a lantern and came outside the town where the cart had been left; and when he looked at the man's head and felt it, he said he would be all right for a cut like that in a day or two, and he was so short of hands he'd take him. So he got his boat and took him aboard ship at once, and the *Slosure* sailed next tide; and that's the last I ever heard of the matter. Every word as I've said is the truth, so help me.

How does this story of Bradley's sound to you, Brown? I confess that I am inclined to believe it. *Credo quia*—it is so improbable; the man could never have invented a lie so circumstantial. Besides which, I have made inquiries, and a whaler named the Slosure, Captain John Blobber, did sail from Grimsby on Saturday, November 7, 1840. The fact is easily verified, because it made a considerable stir in the neighborhood at the time; for the Hull whalers generally start for Greenland in the spring and return in the autumn. But John Blobber had some private dodge of his own about wintering in an uncomfortable proximity to the north pole, and securing the first of the fishing when the ice broke. A chosen party, who had made several ordinary trips with him, fell in with his views; but it was a small one, and he had considerable difficulty in getting outsiders to have anything to do with so wild a proceeding as starting northwards at that time of year. This would account for his rash advance of money to the able-bodied seaman Sherks, and also for his taking him (as he supposed) on board though he was temporarily disabled.

One more point adds to the credibility of Bradley's account, or, at any rate, throws a difficulty in the way of disproving it: the Slosure, alas for our poor friend! has never been heard of since.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT'S TRUMPS?

You will be surprised to see my handwriting again, my dear Brown, so soon after my last budget, especially as there is the chance of this letter crossing one of yours on the road, and you know my objection to such accidents. But you express so much anxiety to hear the latest particulars of anything which may throw light on Godwin's disappearance, that I will not let a post go by without sending you word of what has happened. Miss Holcombe has not shut herself up, or professed any great grief on account of her father's death. She feels that madness would have been so far greater an evil, that the actual event is evidently a relief to her mind. Of course she has regrets, and pictures to herself that her father might have become reformed, and given up his habits of intemperance, if he had recovered his health; but still I fancy that she has too strong a conviction that the probabilities are all the other way for that sorrow to penetrate very deep.

Her position is a singular one. I do not understand much about the laws of my country, and fancied that land always went to males: but what Major Holcombe said in his confession is quite correct, it seems—he actually *had* the power of leaving Marl Hill to his daughter by will, and has done so. As she is just of age, therefore, she finds herself the mistress of a house and estate, both half in ruins, and requiring a vast amount of care and judgment to set them right; while she is so ignorant of affairs that she looks up to me—a fellow who knows no more what ought to be done in any legal or agricultural juncture than an Ojibbeway—as a perfect oracle. Common sense told me one thing, that she ought to have some motherly, middle-aged lady—a widow for choice—in the house with her; and as she saw the propriety of that, I looked about, and secured a comfortable, sympathetic dame, the relict of a clergyman, poor and without encumbrances, who was glad to accept the position of chaperon and domestic economist.

So soon as matters were thus in a measure settled, Miss Holcombe redoubled her efforts for the improvement of the poor around her; for she was able to spend a little money now, while at the same time she felt her responsibility as an owner of the soil in addition to a desire for some end and aim to live for. Coal, candles, and blankets have been distributed; the infant school is a permanent establishment; and she even entered into a little fancy I had for dressing up the church for Christmas. The edifice is so dull and gloomy that I am always longing for the power of painting it up a bit, clearing out the horrible old pews, and so getting rid of that gloomy air of depression which I fancy seems to affect the spirits of every parishioner who enters it. However, I am utterly unable to do anything permanent myself, but I thought a little temporary cheerfulness might be infused over the place in honor of the happiest of Christian festivals. Plenty of laurel, holly, and red berries could be had for nothing; nor were children wanting who entered into the spirit of the thing, and were delighted to bring the evergreens to the church; the only desideratum was the taste to arrange them, and for this I had to appeal to Miss Holcombe, and her new companion, Mrs. Wing. They answered readily enough: the younger lady brought originality; the elder, experience; I, superior strength and a longer reach.

It was past three o'clock in the afternoon, and our task was fortunately approaching completion, for the light already began to wane, and the snow, which was falling in large soft flocks, silently gathered over the windows, and obscured it still further. The two ladies were at the east end of the church, putting the final touches to a bower of mistletoe which festooned over the marble medallion of the late Sir Timothy Wetherbel, Bart—as if any one was likely to want to kiss *him!*

"One little bit more holly for the reading-desk, and I think we shall do," said Miss Holcombe; and I went to the church porch to select a bough from the heap which had been thrown there.

The door stood ajar; on swinging it open, I saw a sailor standing in the porch, peering through into the interior, and supposing that he was attracted by curiosity, I told him to go in if he liked. "We are smartening up a bit for Christmas," said I.

He made no reply, but looked me steadily in the face.

"Is there anything the matter?" I asked. "Am I wanted?"

"What's trumps, Stacey?" he said; and then I knew him.

"Hush!" whispered I, grasping his hand. "*She* is in there. She has lately lost her father, and—"

Before I could finish my sentence, there was a rustle behind me, and Miss Holcombe, who had heard and recognized the first tones of the sailor's voice, stood in the doorway. She gave a great gasp, and fell almost senseless in Godwin's arms, to the great surprise of good Mrs. Wing, who had followed along the aisle to see what was up. I explained the state of the case in a few hurried words; and then the sympathetic matron began to cry.

Hylas Godwin rather marred the impressiveness of the scene by staggering under the weight of Miss Holcombe, who is a very fine girl, and sitting down on the holly; having tight sailor's trowsers on, he got up again pretty quickly.

You must positively come now, Brown, and hear Godwin's yarns. He has been catching whales and exploring countries which are all hummocks and bears; and he has lost two toes from frost-bite, and been shipwrecked, and travelled half over the globe before he could get here. And of course he will marry Miss Holcombe as soon as it is decent; for she does not mind his being a toe or two short, not she. He will write to you in a day or two, for he wants you to be another witness to his identity, as he has been reported dead, it seems, and has certain formalities to go through to get at his own property. Whether he will complete his college career in the legitimate manner ("make his exit B.A.," he calls it,) is uncertain, for he doubts whether he could pass after three years' estrangement from classics and mathematics. Just as I was closing this, your letter came in announcing your intention of coming to see me at last. You will have to sleep on a sofa, as Godwin has taken possession of the bed reserved for you, but you will not mind that! Come along, old fellow; I wish Thorpe could be here too. Why, we might finish the rubber!

A BOSOM FRIEND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

Mr. George Irving was highly respected, reputedly wealthy, and the father of a handsome, agreeable young lady, who had just completed her education. They lived in excellent style, and life as it opened before the fair Helen showed a bright and promising page. She was just eighteen, had passed the greater portion of that time at school, and in her own summary of her achievements there had "studied everything under the sun." Returning to her parental roof, she gladdened her mother's heart by her list of showy acquirements, and filled her father's soul with pride when he beheld her beaming beauty. Among other young people of her own age, Helen's loveliness and style were certainly distinguishable; she was amiable, graceful and vivacious, full of enthusiasm on small points of interest, and possessed of a warm, affectionate heart and a clinging nature. Her father loved her with a blind and absorbing fondness, and could see no fault in the dear girl, who satisfied at once his ambition and his affection. He was a man of admirable commercial abilities, whose business occupied his every thought and whose home life was an absence of all care or anxiety, a periodical basking in material comfort, with the added pleasure in these latter days of his daughter's enlivening presence. Her mother was not so completely at rest concerning the present, nor so entirely free from anxiety on the subject of her daughter's future. She was conscious of the fact that Helen was a young lady of much personal attraction, and the only child of wealthy parents. Matrimony was a threatening spectre in the future; and unlike the generality of mothers, she dreaded the event that would separate her from the child over whom she held a jealous surveillance, a fondness tainted with suspicious exactions and dread of rivalship. She was not sufficiently philosophical to meet the necessity and conquer its objectionable points by cultivating her daughter's tastes and guiding her instincts, so as to ensure a wise and happy choice that would eventually secure their mutual happiness, but she kept a keen watch over her apparent fancies, and sharply discouraged any sign of sentiment or growing inclination to gentlemen's society, as the only means of retaining the affections of her child, that she was determined never to yield to a stranger without a violent struggle.

Helen herself was too happy to trouble her young head with any speculation concerning the future; besides her mother's and father's, she was blessed with the affection of a bosom friend, on whom she lavished all that superfluous and diluted fondness that effervesces from the imaginations of enthusiastic young ladies on the chance objects that fall in their way during that poetic age.

Rose Warren was unlike her friend in all except in youth and beauty. She was a year or two older, much less impulsive, naturally given to secretiveness and silly cunning, and with an appearance of great simplicity and sweetness, was in reality a creature of small, mean plottings and petty designs for her own advancement, at the expense of her best friends. She was an orphan, dependent on the bounty of her uncle, and had been educated at the same establishment that Helen Irving had lately issued from in the glory of a finished scholar.

Mr. John Brierly was a gentleman of five-and-thirty, well-bred and well-looking, but in the parlance of Miss Rose Warren "a dreadful old fogy."

Business connections had first introduced him to Mr. Irving, and he still continued to visit the family, although there could be very little to interest a gentleman of refined and scholarly tastes in the society of his host and hostess, and the occasional glimpses of their fair daughter vouchsafed to his elderly vision.

"Helen has so many engagements," Mrs. Irving would say; "her friend Rose is so devoted to her that she cannot bear to allow her out of her sight, and I'm sure it is very nice for Helen. I much prefer a young lady friend to gentlemen admirers."

"One or the other is indispensably necessary, I suppose," suggested Mr. Brierly.

"Well, I don't know, really, but I should be sorry to condemn my dear Helen to solitude."

"Surely," assented Mr. Brierly, "and home must be very desolate to young people."

"Of course Helen's pleasures cannot be entirely overlooked, and Mr. Irving is so tired when he returns from business, and I am so much occupied with home duties that it would be impossible to have constant parties here." Mrs. Irving said this apologetically, and she continued: "You know Rose and she have just finished their education, and after so much study recreation is positively necessary."

The young lady now appeared in party dress and made her pretty graceful compliments to her parents' friend, about whom she had no opinion of her own, and accepted her friends' in complaisance.

He was too quiet and dignified to flirt with, the only one she had yet been able to discover for gentlemen, and he was not gray or stout enough to be petted by; consequently, when she thought of him at all, she considered him rather a bore; but she was naturally polite and amiable, so she had no difficulty in being sweet and charming, despite her want of interest. She said it was cold, and asked if the weather was clear, by way of conversation; and only half heeding his answer, begged her father to put on his great coat and escort her to her friend Miss Warren's.

"Mr. Brierly will please excuse you, and I will not keep you a moment longer than necessary."

"Certainly," said the visitor, quietly; and her mother being reminded by his tone that perhaps an evening at one's own home should be endured occasionally, without the aid of gay young society in supporting the infliction, remarked:

"You must not let Rose make another engagement for you. This is Thursday, and we have not had you at home a single evening this week."

"But, ma," cried Helen in astonishment, "I'm here all day long, you know, and I think it would be dreadfully stupid to stay at home for ever."

"That is true," assented Mrs. Irving, but Rose must come to see you, and then we shall have you both."

"Yes," said Helen, tossing aside her curls as she put on her opera cloak, "but she has her cousins there, and all our music that we play together, you know."

"Ah, to be sure," sighed her mother complacently, since these engagements in no wise threatened her influence or savored of lovers. "Young people must have their pleasures, and yours are very simple and innocent, I am sure."

"You have a very beautiful daughter, Mrs. Irving," said Mr. Brierly, as the father and daughter departed together. "She has a lovely face, full of intelligence and nobility of soul."

"She is a dear girl," said her mother fondly, "and I look forward to great happiness and comfort with her. I am so glad, Mr. Brierly, that her tastes do not carry her into the whirl of fashionable excitement, as some young ladies' do. Her friend Rose and she are devoted to each other, and Helen seems completely satisfied with their little entertainments and their music, which every one tells me they excel in."

"You do not visit at Mrs. Warren's then?"

"Oh, we call of course, but Mr. Irving is so fatigued with business that it would be out of the question for us to make it a practice to go out in the evening."

"Miss Warren must be a young lady of great judgment and more than ordinary ability, since you entrust your daughter entirely to her guidance."

"Her guidance," repeated Mrs. Irving in surprise.

"Perhaps I have not chosen the proper word, but I look on Miss Irving as so impulsive in disposition as to be controlled by any one she loves or trusts."

"Very odd I'm sure that she should have impressed you so, for my part I think Helen a very sensible girl."

Her mother spoke with some spirit, as if she resented the faintest imputation on her daughter's perfections.

Mr. Brierly took up a little book that lay at his hand, and turning over the leaves said quietly:

"I meant to express my admiration of your daughter's nature, and my interest in its development. She is a child yet, and from what I have seen of Miss Warren I should say her character is entirely formed. I merely wondered at your choosing it as a model for Miss Irving."

"Mr. Brierly, I declare you are very odd, at least I mean you speak so. Helen is something more than a creature of imitation I hope, and yet you would leave me to infer that you give her no higher estimate."

"I am evidently straying into impertinence," said Mr. Brierly smiling. "I will beg your pardon and retrace my steps."

He began to speak at once of other things, and left the fluttered mother, who could be easily awakened to anxiety without in the least deciding on action, feeling very uncomfortable about her daughter's inseparable friend.

When Mr. Irving returned, he was rubbing his hands and chuckling.

"Well, really," he said in high good humor, "our little girl is a great favorite; there was quite a party waiting there, and they received her with acclamation."

"Rose and her two cousins are so lively that it makes the house quite gay and attractive to young people," said Mrs. Irving in explanation to Mr. Brierly.

"There were two young gentlemen and a half dozen young ladies," said Mr. Irving, evidently charmed with his daughter's prospect for a gay evening. "Let me see, what were they called, one was a Captain Ellis, and the other was a Mr. Redding, quite stylish fellows, I assure you."

Mrs. Irving looked alarmed.

"I did not know that Miss Warren knew any gentlemen of those names," she said; "perhaps they are some chance callers."

"I think not," said Mr. Irving. "They seemed to be expecting Helen, and I must say appeared remarkably glad to see her. I stopped in for a moment to say a word to Warren about the meeting of the Board of Brokers, but I declare, he's worse than I am, he had fallen asleep in the dining-room over his newspaper, and the girls had to go and awaken him."

"And Mrs. Warren," suggested Mr. Brierly, "had she fallen asleep also?"

"I don't know really," said his host; "I don't think she was about anywhere, at least I didn't see her. The young folks were having a gay time, and she should have felt in the way I suppose."

"Very naturally," said Mr. Brierly, but Mrs. Irving felt troubled and said nothing.

Their guest was a person who entertained himself generally, and consequently was a visitor very much to Mr. Irving's mind; besides in business relations he had obliged that gentleman so often, and aided him in carrying out various undertakings to such an extent, that the merchant's feelings towards him were of the warmest gratitude and profoundest respect. In fact Mr. Brierly was a sort of silent partner in his friend's operations, and being more of a student than an active business man, he gave his attention rather to the family than the counting-house, and lingered in the quiet drawing-room where Mr. Irving dozed, and Mrs. Irving seemed reading aloud snatches of selections from the books on the sofa table, and glancing towards the hall at every sound in the street outside. It was late when he rose to go, and Mr. Irving woke up.

"Let me see, it's nearly eleven; I suppose I ought to go for Helen, but I am wretchedly tired," he said, yawning prodigiously.

"Shall I step over to the Warrens and take your place?" said Mr. Brierly, eagerly.

"No, no, I wouldn't trouble you, it's too bad; I dare say one of those young fellows would have escorted her if I'd thought to mention it. The fact is, I'm completely tired out."

"Then I beg that Mr. Brierly will do us the service," interposed Mrs. Irving, hastily. "I do not know either of these young gentlemen, and I'm sure Helen would be sorry to trouble them."

"I shall be glad to go," said Mr. Brierly, and he went.

The parlor was brilliantly lighted in the Warren mansion, and the sound of music floated out on the air as Mr. Brierly rang the bell; it still sounded as he entered the hall, and opening the parlor door he found Miss Irving and the rest of the young ladies whirling round wildly in the arms of the youths Mr. Irving had alluded to, and several more who had arrived. Miss Rose Warren paused in her dance when she saw the new comer and approached him with the suavity of hostess, for she was the oldest of the party of ladies.

"I am sorry to break in upon your gayety, but Mr. Irving deputized me to escort Miss Helen home—and I think her mother said she would expect her at once."

"Oh, how poky," cried Miss Rose, impatiently; "shall you go, dear? You know we were going to try the German."

"I shall be in despair for my lost partner," whined a youth, with a faint outline of expression, and a general appearance of insipidity.

This was Mr. Walter Redding, who immediately proceeded to throw himself into an attitude of dramatic monkeyishness, and implored her to save him from hopeless misery, by granting him the promised dance.

"But I shall insist on my right to finish this waltz, my dear Miss Irving," exclaimed a brighter specimen of the same class of weaklings, entitled Captain Harry Ellis. "I shall be charmed to escort Miss Irving, Mr. Brierly, if you are in haste; the dance is mine, and I look on it as a point of honor for Miss Irving to fulfill her engagement with me."

Mr. Brierly sat down with an imperturbable face, and seemed to calmly await Miss Irving's decision in the weighty matter.

It was made instantly.

"Oh, you are very kind to stay," she said, "I must just finish this dance; and if you don't mind waiting a little while, we can have the German too."

If Mr. Brierly "minded waiting," he did not express his objection, and Helen was too fully occupied in her absorbing interest, waltzing, to question his sentiments on the subject. He was left alone on the sofa while Miss Molly Warren recommenced her attack on the piano, and the circling figures again began to revolve. The waltz completed, the German was begun. Captain Ellis caught Miss Irving's hand and drew her into the centre of the room, before she could find breathing time after her late exertion. There was an immense amount of giggling, and blushing, and ejaculatory shreds of small-talk, and then the German was gone through, Captain Ellis officiating as grand director of the dance.

"You are very kind and patient," said Helen, coming up when all was over. "I am afraid it must have been very stupid for you. You don't like dancing at all, do you?"

"On the contrary, I like it very much," said Mr. Brierly.

But Miss Irving offered no reply, except a surprised smile and slight elevation of her pretty brows, as she ran away to put on her wrappings.

"Oh, I have had such a charming evening," she declared, as she said good-night in the hall; "I know ma won't object to our going to Courtney's, if you will come and beg her to say yes. I'll promise you that mazourka then, Captain Ellis; now pray

don't look jealous, Mr. Redding, you know my first waltz is yours."

Both young gentlemen protested that they should live on that hope; and Miss Warren pledged herself to act as persuader on the Courtney question. Then Helen tore herself away; and going down the street, on Mr. Brierly's arm, was silent in retrospecting all the delight of the evening. Presently she said—

"Don't you think Miss Warren a lovely young lady, Mr. Brierly?"

"Miss Rose?" asked Mr. Brierly.

"Oh, yes, my Miss Warren, I mean; she is perfectly beautiful to me—and so bright and interesting. If I were a gentleman I should be dying in love with her."

"I think it would depend on how old a gentleman you were."

"No, I don't think so; I should adore her at any age; but don't you really admire her? I am afraid, from your tone, that you do not."

"You do not really care for my opinion on the subject, I know."

"Oh, I dare say you think every body that is young or gay quite silly. You are so grave and quiet, and do not care for pleasure at all."

"That depends upon what the pleasure may be. I think I have a strong sense of enjoyment, and a profound interest in life."

Helen sighed resignedly; here was a painfully old-fashioned escort, and she thought regretfully of the delights of Captain Ellis's conversation, and the bright gayety of Mr. Redding. It was only a short distance, and they were soon at home, where Mrs. Irving met them at the door with something of reproach in her manner.

"Why, Helen, it is long after midnight, and you have kept Mr. Brierly waiting more than an hour."

"Oh, but you do not know what a temptation it is to dance, ma. I could not give up one delightful German. Rose says I have learned it perfectly—and she is such an exquisite dancer herself, that she should be a good judge."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Brierly," said her mother, smiling and mollified. "This dancing is such an alluring pleasure, and Rose and Helen never tire whirling around together."

So Mr. Brierly went away to come again; and every time he came, Miss Warren had either just sent a little note begging for Helen's society for the evening, or had just run over herself to entreat for the same pleasure. Occasionally she came and stayed with her friend, and they lingered at the piano playing a duet now and then, or turning over music idly, and whispering busily.

"These young friends are such devotees to each other," Mrs. Irving would say, smiling, "they can enjoy nothing apart; and really it is very fortunate for Helen to have such a source of interest. Mr. Irving grows daily more slavishly devoted to business; and he has contracted the oddest habit of falling into a heavy sleep suddenly. One moment he will be talking to us, and the next his head will drop forward on his breast and he will snore heavily."

Mr. Brierly looked quite grave.

"I have been trying to induce Mr. Irving to allow himself some relaxation," he said; "and I beg that you will aid me in persuading him to take healthful exercise."

"Oh, he is too much wearied by down-town cares for that; but I think it is wonderful how stout he grows with so little additional strength; it has really become a burden for him to move."

"I wish you would seriously consider the need of change and exercise for your husband," Mr. Brierly persisted; and he continued in his position of friend of the family, to persist in the same suggestion whenever an opportunity offered, and being naturally a kind and disinterested man, he went further and strove to take some of his friend's business burden on himself, and so lessen the load.

It was useless, for Mr. Irving was so completely wedded to down-town interests that to detach him from them was to make him miserable, and he knew but two states of existence, the one in which he lived and struggled excitedly on the high road to fortune, the other in which he dozed and winked like a comfortable cat before his own splendid hearth.

"Do you know, Mr. Brierly, I am going to make your advice and assistance of service to me?" said Mrs. Irving, one day, about six months after Helen's return from school. "You know my daughter is eighteen next week, and it is positively necessary that we should give her an entertainment, quite a large party in fact. Now you are so perfectly reliable in all points of taste and arrangement that I must beg your aid. Mr. Irving never would take an interest in such things, and we have not been in the habit of giving large parties."

Helen laughed merrily. "The idea of dear darling pa knowing anything about parties," she said; "if we contrive to keep him awake, it is all we can hope for, and I'm afraid Mr. Brierly does not take an interest in such things either. Ma, will you let me send over for Rose? She is so admirable in affairs of this kind."

"My dear, she is but a girl, without experience in such affairs beyond dressing and dancing. It will be sufficient occupation for you to arrange your toilets. Mr. Brierly, you will be able to advise me about wines and music, &c.; and now let me give you a sketch of our plan."

It was one of such portentous dimensions, involving such an amount of outlay and consultation, that poor Mrs. Irving was nearly crushed beneath the magnitude of her own design, and had it not been for Mr. Brierly's assistance, would have succumbed to its difficulties.

It was through his agency, however, deprived of its obstacles in the path of perfection, and everything went on so promisingly that the poor exhausted lady took courage to calculate on success.

Helen rather surprised Mr. Brierly by the want of enthusiasm and general abstraction of her manner. He had expected to see her warmed by such a subject, and found her preoccupied and silent, starting when spoken to, and blushing nervously when her confusion was noticed. Mrs. Irving expressed her opinion on the subject to her ally.

"I do not think that Helen is well, she looks feverish and listless, and I am afraid will scarcely enjoy all the gayety we are preparing for her."

"Miss Warren's presence acts like magic on her; there must be some healing property in those little notes she brings, for they transform Miss Irving into joyful excitement the moment she receives them."

Mrs. Irving laughed lightly.

"Why, my dear Mr. Brierly, those are memorandas of music. You see they are devoted, absolutely devoted to the art, and I believe they are said to excel by competent judges. Rose is so infatuated with Helen that she never thinks of herself, and plays merely to accompany her, but of course you know she has her taste and expression, and I think my daughter very fortunate to have such a friend."

Mr. Brierly said nothing, for Miss Warren had entered the room while they were speaking. Helen came with her, ready dressed for a promenade.

"We are going down to Allen's to choose some sonatas, ma," explained she, blushing and looking constrained and flattered. "I—that is, Rose—I mean we both thought we should go into the Art Exhibition and look at the pictures whilst we were in the neighborhood."

"Certainly," said her mother. "I am obliged to Rose for the suggestion. I should like to go and look at them myself, if it were not such an impossibility for me to get away from home in these busy days."

"I will gladly attend to these orders for you, Mrs. Irving," interposed Mr. Brierly hastily, "and that will give you sufficient time to pay a visit to the gallery. I can recommend a glance at two or three of the paintings I have marked in my catalogue. They will repay the trouble you take to break away from your engagements."

Helen stood still, with downcast eyes, and added no syllable to Mr. Brierly's persuasion. Her friend Rose hastily interposed.

"Pray let us take another day after the party is over and do the pictures justice. A mere glance would not be satisfactory to Mrs. Irving."

"You are right, my dear, I had better not think of it, though I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Brierly, for your kind offer."

And so it was decided, although Mr. Brierly earnestly advocated the present afternoon as the proper opportunity. Helen said nothing, but looked embarrassed and distressed, while her friend discouraged Mr. Brierly's efforts, and urged a later day, when they could count on much more enjoyment and leisure.

As soon as Mrs. Irving gave up her half-received idea of going, Miss Warren hurried Helen away, and Mr. Brierly took up his list of commissions and departed also. As the afternoon wore on, he found himself directly in front of the Art Gallery, and meeting a friend who was going in, accompanied him, without once recalling the fact of the young ladies being already there, nor did he remember it until he found himself directly before Miss Irving and Captain Ellis, as they stood side by side in close conversation in the shadow of a large group of statuary and heard her words.

"But Rose did not tell me so; she said she would yield to my plan and wait until after the 20th."

He answered earnestly. "Why should we wait? Our own hearts answer us and say there is no good reason for delay."

"I know, Harry," she began, but Mr. Brierly, who had before been transfixed in astonishment, coughed and moved to attract her attention, and looking up she turned suddenly scarlet and seemed ready to faint. But he bowed and went away before her companion had recognized him.

That evening Mr. Irving called at his hotel and begged his assistance in arranging some accounts before the sailing of the European steamer. He looked badly, and complained of a stupid, confused feeling, that prevented his attending to business as he used to, and threw himself on his friend's consideration for aid in this dilemma.

"Come up to the house," he said, "I have sent Waters there with the books; he has done what he could to facilitate matters, but no one who has not gone over the ground, as you and I have done together, can readily understand the accounts."

"Certainly," assented his friend. "Mrs. Irving expects you to be in your best spirits on the 20th, and you are going to wear yourself out over your European bills."

"No, no, it's all one, I feel dull and heavy these days, and rest don't improve me. I'll try to manage things so as to get a holiday and make a trip across the water. My little girl ought to have a glimpse of Paris, I suppose, and although it would be rather a task for her mother and me, its only right that she should see the gay world."

"Why not go at once," urged his friend, earnestly; "it would be worth the effort, I assure you; and if I can take your place here, rely on me."

"Oh, it's out of the question to be in a hurry about such a move as that; we must take time and get things in regular working order, before we leap at such a new idea."

Mr. Brierly looked disappointed, and turned away to follow Mr. Irving home and help him through with a heavy night's calculation.

The next evening was the momentous occasion so nervously looked forward to by the lady hostess, to whom the reception of so many guests was a novelty. The care of her daughter's wardrobe, in itself no slight responsibility, was singularly unaided by that young lady herself, who was so abstracted and confused while dressing, that her anxious mother could not leave her side until the task was complete. She looked lovely, that was a great satisfaction, and Mrs. Irving's heart glowed with tender pride as she beheld her in full array, and the poor jealous love of her narrow soul gloried in the thought that she was all her own, and unlike the generality of young Misses pledged to some ruthless beau, who could carry her off to any other city and separate her from her heart's darling at the suggestion of his own convenience.

"I hope Rose will like this shade of rose color," said Helen, slowly turning round before the mirror. "She has such perfect taste, that I do not like to get anything without first consulting her."

"Well, my dear, I am quite willing that you should be devoted to her; and if she admires it, I think it would be a pretty gift to devise a dress something in the same style for her? You know, my dear, she is an orphan, and her uncle has other young people to dress and take care of."

"Oh, ma, I shall be so glad—but let it be white, pray; let me give her a white one, with the lace overskirt, like Fanny Morley's."

"Fanny Morley's was a wedding dress, and would not be suitable for any other occasion; but of course whatever style you prefer you shall have, since you know her taste best."

Helen kissed her mother—she was a grateful and affectionate girl, and if Mrs. Irving had found time or possessed interest enough to cultivate her child's heart and mind, she would have found rich soil capable of producing a noble growth of thought and feeling. As it was, she had resigned the business to a deputy, and Rose Warren was her agent, into whose hands she intrusted a duty Heaven itself had given her to fulfill. Rose was radiant, and unlike her friend, in high spirits when she appeared among the first arrivals, and brought with her Mr. Redding and Captain Ellis, whom Mrs. Irving then beheld for the first time—and her husband recognised with easy good humor.

"Nice young fellows those," he remarked to a friend who had brought his two daughters, and now stood calculating how long they would remain dancing, giggling, and fanning themselves with ecstatic enjoyment before they would have enough of it, as he had had in the first half hour.

Following Mr. Irving's glance, he replied—

"Why that is young Redding, you know, old Grabbitt the millionaire's nephew; he is a perfect fool, they say; but the old fellow means to make him his heir if he marries to please him."

"Marries, why he's only a boy; plenty of time to think of that, I should say."

"Evidently he is not of that opinion—for he seems perfectly infatuated with Warren's niece; in fact, my girls tell me that it is a foregone conclusion with them."

The fair Rose at that moment approached, leaning on her inseparable friend's arm; and Mr. Irving, seeing that his wife had no aid in entertaining her guests, besought his daughter to assist her mother in hospitable duties.

"For the fact is, Helen, I'm not equal to much myself," he confessed; "I have such a numb sort of feeling stealing over me that I hardly know how to keep my eyes open half the time."

That was about eleven o'clock, and supper was announced shortly afterwards. Helen did not see her father again, nor did she know when he retired; conscious of nothing but the attentions and compliments of those around her, the time flew by till daybreak scattered the wearied dancers.

"We have had a grand time," said Mrs. Irving, "and although I am nearly tired to death, I have the satisfaction of having had an elegant party."

This remark was addressed confidentially to her daughter, as they stood alone together in the grand parlors that looked deserted and disarrayed now that they were emptied of guests.

It was echoed by Helen, who seemed less exhausted than her mother, and who still looked very beautiful in her rich and becoming dress.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Ancient Babylonian Documents.

It seems as if the endeavors made at different times and places to extend our knowledge of sacred history, geography, and topography, were about to be largely increased. The general interest in these subjects has been manifested by the support given to explorations in the East, the survey of Palestine and the peninsula of Sinai, the excavations at Jerusalem, and the welcome shown to the researches of scholars. These researches, as stated by Sir Henry Rawlinson to the Royal Asiatic Society, have brought to light a series of facts of the highest importance out of the historical documents collected at Nineveh; namely, the Scripture history as contained in the Book of Genesis from the time of Abraham, narrating nearly the same particulars. Sir Henry himself is at work on a paper in which it will be shown that the natural name of Babylon was the Garden of Eden, the rivers being described by the same names as in Scripture. And further, that these ancient Babylonian documents furnish an account of the Flood and of the building of the Tower of Babel. All this seems little less than wonderful. Who would have expected to find Biblical history in the inscribed cylinders and bricks from the banks of the Euphrates, as well as in the ancient Hebrew and other oriental manuscripts!

Photographing Electric Light.

Some years ago, a photograph of a bronze statue was taken at Berlin. Besides the image, it showed a few small faint streaks of light, one of which shot upwards from the point of a spear held in the hand of the statue. What produced them was a question, which at length was solved by a member of the Prussian Academy of Sciences. He suggested that the figure was in an electric condition while the photograph was taken, that streams of electric light were passing off at various points, and that these, though invisible to the eye, were detected by the photograph. Hence there was a talk about invisible light. This has recently been verified; by sending an electric current through a Geissler's tube (a glass tube almost completely exhausted of air), an interior light is produced, which cannot be seen by daylight, but which is distinctly shown in a photograph of the tube. It has often been remarked that photography detects particulars which escape observation, and here is another proof of it.

☞ One of the New York restaurants has adopted the rule that waiters are to pay no attention to a whistle as a call for their attendance on a customer. Well, there is some ground for the rule, for to whistle for your dinner is neither pleasant to yourself nor respectful to the waiter. But how are you to call him, and where are you to draw the line among the modes of attracting his attention? Will it be voted low to shout "hi," or, as you are debarred from whistling, may you throw a plate at him? We pause for a reply, which we suppose we shall get from The "Coming" Man.

☞ The Presbyterians of Pennsylvania took a census of the ministry a few days ago, in which it appears that out of 541 preachers only 40 receive $1,000 and upward; 172 from $600 to $1,000; 51 from $450 to $600; and 278 from $300 to $450 per year. Most of these figures are lower than the salaries of ordinary mechanics, and the congregations that pay them should feel ashamed of their meanness.

☞ When a shoemaker is going to make a boot, the first thing he uses is the last.

☞ "It's all very pretty talk," said a recently married bachelor, who had just finished reading an essay on the "Culture of Women," just as a heavy milliner's bill was presented to him—"it's all very pretty, this cultivation of woman; but such a charge as this for bonnets, is rather a heavy top dressing—in my judgment."

☞ Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge underneath the bed-clothes from a skirmishing party of mosquitoes. At last, one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and by chance espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Jamie, Jamie, it's no use. Yo might as weel come out! *Here's one of the crayters sarchin' for us wid a lantern.*"

Serpents and Venomous Snakes.

BY N. A. WOODS.

There is a very prevalent notion that venomous and deadly snakes lose their power of poisoning after they have bitten often in a short time. This is quite a mistake, as I have proved from actual experiment. One day, with a very eminent physician, and also a most learned authority in the habits and poisons of snakes, we tried how often a medium-sized rattlesnake would be able to kill. For this not amiable, but really scientific purpose, we had got together some forty rats, guinea-pigs, and young rabbits. The experiment lasted nearly five hours, for we tried the reptile with no less than twenty-seven victims, each of which was dropped into the cage from the top by our assistants, one of whom managed to get bitten deeply through the thumb-nail by an old gray rat. Of those first introduced into the cage, the snake, though he rattled, seemed to take no further notice, nor did the little animals thrown in evince the least degree of apprehension, but, on the contrary, moved freely about the large cage, and in two instances crossed the body of the snake, in spite of its harsh vibrating tail and menacing head. It was necessary, therefore, to make the snake really angry, and this we did by rolling it about with a thin iron rod. Then its fury rose, and it at once went after and struck at the three guinea-pigs in its cage. They all fell over in a few minutes, but it was more than twenty minutes before they died. We did not, however, wait for their dissolution, but, now that the snake was roused, kept on putting in rabbits, guinea-pigs, and rats as fast as he struck them; and each time he hit, the inevitable death came more quickly, until, at about the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth victim, they all died within four minutes. By this time the snake, in its fever of rage, had broken three joints off his tail with its incessant vibrations, and went from end to end of the cage biting as he passed the bodies of the animals he had already killed, and not biting each once, but five or six times, with the rapidity of lightning. As we did not wish to lose him, and he appeared likely to kill himself with rage, we covered the cage with a cloth, and let him rest for an hour, and then put a rabbit in. The little animal went over to the snake instantly, and crept across him, when, without rattling or any sign of anger, he rose at once and struck Bunny at the root of the ear, and the rabbit fell over, and died apparently within two minutes. This experiment convinced us that the rattlesnake can generate its poison in proportion to its anger, or what it thinks its danger or annoyance. In July, August and September the bite of the rattlesnake is considered fatal, as in those months it casts its skin, is sick, deaf and blind, and seems to secrete an extra quantity of venom for its own protection. I was once staying in a large prairie-farm, where cattle were kept by hundreds; and the proprietor assured me that when cattle were bitten in the three months I have mentioned, they never came home, but were found dead on the prairie. In the other months, when the cows were struck, they managed to get back to the barns, though they nearly always died.

The rattlesnake's poison, I may add, is very fluid, quite colorless, and without either smell or taste. It may be put on the tongue in most minute quantities, on a piece of ivory, if the mouth is perfectly free from abrasion, and be well rinsed immediately after with strong ammonia and water. This, however, is a trial from which little good can come, and from which the most serious danger may arise.

Of the same class as the rattlesnake—that is to say, terribly dangerous, but not, as a matter of course, deadly—are the large family of South-Australian reptiles—the black snake, the brown snake, and the beautifully-marked tiger-snake. These were at first reputed to be deadly; but long experience, and the free use of the same remedies in the bush of Australia as are applied in the long grass of the western prairies, has shown conclusively that their bites can be cured. All, however, as with the rattlesnake, depends on a rare concurrence of three conditions, which in those wild parts are seldom to be found united. The first, as I have said, is a powerful constitution; the second is immediate help at hand; and the third is intelligent devotedness on the part of those who aid to carry out the whole of the severe treatment with unshrinking firmness from first to last. I have spoken with several who have been bitten by rattlesnakes or South-Australian snakes; but the best account I got was from my brother, an eminent clergyman in South-Australia, who was bitten by what is still reputed to be the deadly brown snake. He was going up-country, to visit some outlying districts, for the area of the parishes he has in charge is equal in extent to that of any diocese in England. In the mid-heat of the day he arrived at a police-barrack; and finding that three men were going on in the cool of the evening to the station to which he was bound, he dismounted and decided to wait for them, for the sake of their company and escort. Being passionately fond of botany and geology, my brother of course went out, in spite of the heat, to see what he could find to illustrate his continued works upon his favorite studies. He had not walked twenty paces from the barrack, when a rare species of saxifrage moss caught his eye, and he stooped to gather it. While doing so, a brown snake rose from beneath it, and with the rapidity of a cobra, instantly bit him in the wrist. He at once ran back to the barrack, told what had happened, and the whole place was, at the news, immediately active. One experienced bushman fastened the ligatures above and below the wound, while another, in repeated small doses, made him swallow the best part of a pint of strong whiskey in a few minutes. The wound was also cut and cauterized by an explosion of gunpowder; but my brother declares that from neither of these unusually painful operations did he suffer much; indeed he laughed at the general anxiety about him, and began to think he must have given a false alarm. In about twenty minutes afterwards, however, he felt his *skin* getting cold. It was not any internal coldness, but the whole surface of the flesh chilled, as if in ice. This was the beginning of what was almost a mortal agony. In a short time after, he grew livid, and, when he was able to write about it, told me that he felt as if the feeling of a week's sea-sickness was condensed in all its bitter agony of nausea into every minute that passed; while above every other feeling was the one intense yearning to lie down and be left quiet. In this last wish, however, the kind police were careful not to indulge him. My brother is a very powerful man, nearly six feet three in height, and rides about seventeen stone. It was, therefore, no easy matter to keep him moving continually; but by relieving each other, and taking him one under each arm, the police managed to keep him going, till, some twelve hours after the accident—about two in the morning—he was able to sit his horse in front of a policeman, and so was kept in motion and without sleep till nearly six o'clock. During all this time the doses of whiskey were given continuously, but without in the least affecting his head. Twenty-four hours after the bite was inflicted, the symptoms recurred in a mild form; and on the third day he was able to return by easy stages to Penola, though it was some months before he entirely recovered from the effects of the poison. This case is worth mentioning, because a few days afterwards, at the same barracks, at a time when there were only two policemen there, one was bitten by a brown snake. Nearly an hour elapsed before he was able to reach his comrade, and then he was too far gone in torpor for the aid of one man to keep him moving. He died the same night.

That the South Australian snakes are not of *necessity* deadly in their venom, has just been put beyond all question by a man of the name of Shires. What his antidote is he naturally keeps a secret, for his profession is that of a showman, and he goes about the country with a great collection of venomous snakes, which he first makes bite rabbits, etc., to show their power, and then Shires stirs them up with his hand, till, in their irritation, they have all bitten him freely. He then takes his antidote, and again goes through his performance, always once a day, sometimes twice. This he has continued for months, without the slightest ill effect. He went, at last, to Melbourne to exhibit; and doctors were at once about him to know what his secret was. As, however, he declined to divulge it, he was set down as an impostor, who only experimented with venomous snakes from which the poison-fangs had been extracted. Mr. Drummond, a magistrate, and one of the most rising young men of the colony, was weak enough to adopt these doctors' general ideas, and was determined to expose Shires as a charlatan. He, accordingly, attended one of his exhibitions, and insisted on being bitten by a tiger-snake which had just killed a fowl, and afterwards bitten the showman. All remonstrances on the part of Shires were useless; Mr. Drummond put his hand into the cage, and had his wish instantly gratified by being bitten in the wrist by the same tiger-snake that had bitten Shires. After a few minutes, Mr. Drummond began to faint, and Shires at once gave him his antidote from a little vial, when he almost instantly recovered, and walked home, apparently in perfect health, and quite pleased at having proved, as he thought, that the snakes were not really venomous. Some surgeons, who knew what Mr. Drummond was about to do, and had heard of what he had most foolishly done, called upon him the same evening, but found him quite well, and elated at having, as he thought, exposed an impostor. Next day, however, exactly twenty-four hours after he was bitten, all the symptoms of snake-poisoning returned. Doctors were sent for, and Shires was sent for. The latter could not be found; the former did no good whatever; and poor Mr. Drummond died in about two hours. The inquest, to the astonishment of all in Melbourne, resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the showman, who is now awaiting his trial; though my private letters assure me that the feeling is that Mr. Drummond, alone, is answerable for his perverse obstinacy. The doctors, however, are against Shires, who, to this hour, refuses to tell what is his antidote. Professor Halford gave evidence on the inquest, and, on being asked by the coroner how Shires's immunity was to be accounted for, gave the puerile answer that he supposed that his system had become so impregnated with the venomous poison that snake-bites had no effect upon it. But the question still comes back on us, how did his system first become proof against the venom, as suggested? At the best, the mystery is only moved a little further off by the professor's stupid theory, and Shires himself refuses to throw any light on this most interesting point of physiology.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A well-known minister declares that his choir has given him so much trouble on earth that the idea of music in the world to come is wholly repugnant to his ideas of eternal peace and rest.

☞ What is the difference between very young and very old women? The first are careless and happy; the second, hairless and cappy.

☞ The Yosemite Valley is thickly dotted with the ruins of Aztec or Toltic cities and fortifications, in some of which timbers exposed to the storms and blazing sun of that trying climate are yet to be seen in a good state of preservation, showing that the builders must have disappeared at a comparatively recent date.

☞ A story is told of two Yorkshire men who travelled together three days in a stage coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day, one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "*And who said it warn't?*" was the reply.

☞ "Pretty girl, Amanda is." "Ah! is she blonde or brunette?" "Oh! she has her days of both."

☞ It is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, he reached at length a kind of resting place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say amen!"

☞ One of our Methodist exchanges says:—Take your religion with you to the sea-shore, the springs, and the mountains; retain its spirit, and in order to do this, jealously maintain its form. Too many of us are like the little girl who, at the close of her evening prayer one day said, "Now good-by, God; good-by, Jesus Christ, I'm going to Boston to-morrow."

☞ A lad fell down stairs at Durham, Me., recently, and drove his front teeth so far into the gums that the points only were visible. The teeth were pulled into place again, and will very soon be as useful as ever.

☞ Florida contains over seven million acres of land lying along the Atlantic coast, from Indian River to Cape Sable, admirably adapted to the cultivation of coffee.

☞ Send your son in the world with good principles, a good temper, a good education and habits of industry and order, and he will work his way.

A Chinaman Taking Notes.

The Mandarin in Burlingame's troupe, who writes up the manners and customs of the various countries for the Chinese archives, has given the Paris correspondent of the London Post a translation of his last letter. In it he speaks of the table habits of the Paris barbarians. "We have dined," he says, "at their tables, where the stomach is expected to receive with pleasure some thirty different objects of food, and perhaps ten different liquids. The French and other foreigners eat until they feel very uncomfortable, and require much medicine drugs, as may be seen by the many chemists' shops of this city. They have the same capacity as our pigs. Had you been here the other night, and observed how these people rudely scrambled for the food at the supper-table when we gave our fete! They put their hands violently on the dishes, and disputed with each other most roughly."

In telling about Burlingame's ball he writes: "Oh! if you had seen the women at our ball! They came half undressed; that is to say, the upper part of the body was wholly exposed, but they are jealous of showing their feet, and seem to desire to hide the floor also, as each woman drags about with her a long robe, on which it is not etiquette to place your shoe. Their eyes are painted round (not all of them), and they use coloring for the lips and a pearl powder for various exposed sections of the frame. They purchase the hair of the dead, and artists work it into various designs; then the women put it on their heads with flowers; and yet they are not a dirty people. The high-caste women are allowed every license. At our fete they were clasped round the waist by men they knew not, and danced with painful vigor, for it was hot."

☞ While Thad. Stevens was a young lawyer, he once had a case before a bad-tempered judge of an obscure Pennsylvania Court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court-room, scattering imprecations all around him. The judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty, and asked Thad. if he meant "to express his contempt for this Court?" Thad. turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow, and replied, in feigned amazement—"*Express* my contempt for this Court! No, sir! I am trying to *conceal* it, your Honor," adding, as he turned to leave, "but I find it dashed hard to do it."

☞ An avaricious fellow in Brussels gave a large dinner. Just as the guests sat down, a piercing shriek was heard in the court-yard. The host hurried out, and returned, pale, affrighted, and his hands covered with blood. "What is it?" was the inquiry. "Alas," he said, "a poor workman, father of a large family, has met with a terrible accident—he was knocked down by a cart, grievously wounded. Let us aid him." A collection was taken up and the guests contributed 1,200 francs. Generous souls. It was the miser's ruse to make them pay for the dinner.

☞ "The maxim, "strike when the iron is hot," is getting altogether too slow for the age; you must make it hot by striking.

☞ Twelve feet of water have been known to fall on the west coast of Patagonia in forty days. Navigators report that off the coast, pools of fresh water cover the ocean, so pure that it may be scooped up for the use of the crew.

☞ The Pall Mall Gazette some time ago, in an article on the sects of the Russian Church, mentioned one which we do not remember to have heard of before. It is a sect of worshippers of Napoleon. They are said to have existed since about 1840, in various places. Their chief seat is now at Moscow, where they hold meetings, at which they prostrate themselves before a bust of Napoleon. They expect him to return to earth with Peter III. of Russia, when the latter will become ruler of all the earth, and Napoleon will lead his armies. They pass around, among themselves, pictures placed between the leaves of a book. The police seized them, but found nothing but representations of the "Ascension of Napoleon."

☞ Josh Billings has written an amusing story upon "roosters," in which he remarks that they "are the husbands of many wives. In Utah it is konsidered a disgrace tew speak disrespectful of a rooster. Brigham Young's coat-of-arms is a rooster."

☞ A scholar was turned out of a public school in Sutton, Massachusetts, the other day, because he was "too old." He is over forty-eight, and has a family of grown-up children. He was ambitious, he said, to "ketch up with his boys and gals." He should have been encouraged.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There is quite an animated movement in Flour. Sales of 18,000 bbls, including superfine at $5,35@5,50; extra at $5,50@5,87½; Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family at $6,25@7,75 for low grade and fancy; Penna extra family at $6,25@7,25; Ohio and choice Indiana do do at $6,50@8, and fancy lots at $8,25@10. Rye Flour—Sales of 150 bbls at $6,25@6,37½.

GRAIN—The Wheat market has been active. About 50,000 bus changed hands at $1,45 for damp, up to $1,55@1,65 for fair and choice new Penna, Western and Southern red, chiefly at $1,60, 7000 bus white at $1,57@1,60 for fair Indiana, and $1,80 for choice Kentucky. Rye; 2000 bus changed hands at $1,20@1,25. Corn; sales of 55,000 bus at $1,15@1,20 for yellow, and $1,13@1,16 for Western mixed. Oats; sales of 40,000 bus at 72@74c for old Western, 55@58c for old Penna, and 60@65c for new Penna and Delaware.

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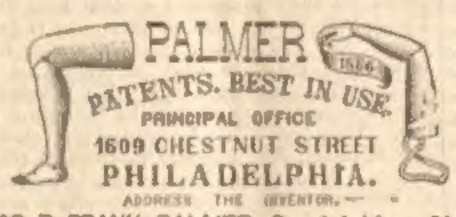

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Business.

There is a good deal of talking here among the brokers about a certain fast young youth whose father is overburdened with millions.

The young man would not work, and the old man could not bear an idler, and many were the quarrels between them.

At last the old man, quite out of patience, said: "Now, Jack, I give you one week to make up your mind to what business you are to go in. No son of mine shall be a lounger, and go to work you shall! At the end of this week, if you have made no choice, I will stop your allowance altogether, and make you take a stool in my office, and work enough you'll have of it there."

Well, Jack promised to look around and make up his mind.

At the end of the week, sharp and peremptory, as was his way, the old broker sung out:

"Well, Jack, time's up; have you made up your mind to make your own living?"

"Well, father, I've been thinking of it, and have something in my mind, but it will require considerable capital."

"Capital, Jack! capital, my boy!" said the delighted father. "Only try to make your own living, and I'll buy you a national bank, or a line of steamers! What is it, Jack? What is it?"

"Well, father, I was thinking that if you would only advance me three or four hundred thousand dollars, I could invest them in government bonds, and make my living by cutting off the coupons!"

The old man shied an inkstand at Jack's head, but never talks to him any more about "business."—*City Item.*

Anecdote of Burton.

John Brougham started a comic paper in New York some years since—The Lantern—and a funny story is told of him and it. Billy Burton, the actor, was no friend to Brougham in those days, and there is reason to believe that no love was lost on either side. The story runs to the effect that John, on entering a restaurant, found Billy and one of his chums sitting at a table—Burton, as usual, "fatigned." Misliking Brougham, Burton replied roughly to the question: "Have you read The Lantern this week?" by saying: "No! I never read the ——— thing unless I'm drunk—unless I'm drunk—(repeating in a louder tone,)—*unless I'm drunk!*" Brougham, who is the very pink of politeness when he chooses to be courteous, immediately rose from the table at which he was sitting, advanced, hat in hand, to the end of Burton's table, and making a bow in his grandest manner, observed: "Then, Mr. Burton, I am sure of one constant reader!" This was a settler. Burton made no reply, but the story got wind as too good a thing to keep.

Only Making Believe.

There was something unexpectedly sarcastic in the recent reply of a criminal, when asked by the court if he was guilty of larceny:

"No, sir; are you?"

"Prisoner," said the ruffled magistrate, "don't put on any airs with me, or I'll send you down for contempt of court. I ask you again, are you guilty?"

"And I tell you, no!"

"But this man says he detected you in the very act of larceny."

"Yes, sir, but I was fooling him."

"Fooling him! How do you make that out?"

"Just making believe, as you do sometimes."

"Sir, what do you mean?"

"Why, the other night, when you were staggering on the street, some folks thought you were tight, *but I know you were only making believe.*"

Wordsworth's Self-Esteem.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, used to relate, with much humorous relish, an anecdote of the author of The Excursion. At a meeting in the house of Professor Wilson, on Windermere, in the autumn of 1817, where Wordsworth, Hogg, and several other poets were present, the evening became distinguished by a remarkably brilliant bow, of the nature of the aurora borealis across the heavens. The party came out to see it, and looked on for some time in admiration. Hogg remarked: "It is a triumphal arch got up to celebrate this meeting of the poets." He afterwards heard the future poet-laureate whispering unconsciously to himself, "Poets! poets! What does the fellow mean? Where are they?" In his conception there was but one poet present—himself.

Too Inquisitive.

In a certain regimental mess in India, in which the bachelor dining members paid little attention to the dispositions of the cook-room, an officer, by good or ill fortune, conceived the desire to inspect the culinary arrangements of the kitchen. What did he behold? Upon the centre of the floor a vast round of beef for that day's dinner, and seated on the beef a little naked black boy, kicking his little heels in mid-air. The intruder was horrified, but not so the cook, who remarked, proudly—

"My son, sir."

Then, with a grin, for he was a facetious Bobachee, the cook added—

"He makes beef nice and tender for gentlemans."

A Father's Blessing.—A couple ran off to get married, and came back to the bride's house, where she humbly sued for the forgiveness of her father, kneeling at his feet, all tears. "Forgive, forgive me, dearest father!" sobbed the lovely suppliant. "Forgive you!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "why, I am only too glad to get rid of you. Your ill-temper and idleness have been the plague of my life, and make your marriage no loss to me, my dear child. So, take her," added the old gentleman, generously, addressing the happy man, "and may you be happy."

An Alternative.—"My son," said a veteran at the foot of the stairs, "arise and see the newly risen luminary of the day, and hear the sweet birds singing their matin song of praise to their great Creator; come while the dew is on the grass, and the tender lambs are bleating on the hill-side—come, I say, or I'll be there with a switch and give you the worst licking that you ever had."

☞ When is a lover justified in calling his sweetheart *honey?* When she is *bee*-loved.

THE FIRST FAMILIES.

RUSTIC.—"Many good fam'lies in this neighborhood? I shud rether think there wus! There's old Tom Baggs hath a-got vifteen o' 'em, Bill Rabberts can count vourkeen, I've a-got therteen, and my brother Jan number'th a dozzen—*very* good fam'lies I tall they, sir!"

SORROW'S JOY.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

The thorns are sharp, yet I can tread on them;
The cup is bitter, yet He makes it sweet;
My face is steadfast toward Jerusalem;
My heart remembers it.

I lift the hanging hands, the feeble knees—
I, precious more than seven times molten gold—
Until the day when from his storehouses
God shall bring new and old.

Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for grief,
Garment of praise for spirit of heaviness;
Although I fade to-day as doth a leaf,
I languish and grow less.

Although to-day He prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root;
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days,
And stay upon my God.

—*Words of Hope.*

Hints on Courtship and Marriage.

With regard to the proper combinations and temperament in the marriage relation, physiologists have differed, one contending that the constitutions of the parties should be similar, while others, on the contrary, have taught that contrast should be sought. It seems to me that neither of these statements expresses fully the true law of selection. The end to be aimed at is harmony. There can be no harmony without a difference, but there may be difference without harmony. It is not because a woman is like a man that he loves her, but because she is unlike. The qualities which he lacks are the ones in her which attract him—the personal traits and mental peculiarities which combine to make her womanly; and in proportion as she lacks these, or possesses masculine characteristics, will a woman repel the opposite sex. So a woman admires in man true manliness, and is repelled by weakness and effeminancy. A womanish man awakens either the pity or the contempt of the fair sex.

This law, we believe, admits of the widest application. The dark-haired, swarthy man is apt to take for his mate some azure-eyed blonde; the lean and spare choose the stout and plump; the tall and short often unite; and homely men generally win the fairest of the fair.

In temperament, as in everything else, what we should seek is not likeness, but a harmonious difference. The husband and wife are not counterparts of each other, but complements, halves which joined together form a symmetrical whole. In music, contiguous notes are discordant, but when we sound together a first and a third, or a third and fifth, we produce a chord. The same principle pervades all nature. Two persons may be too much alike to agree. They crowd each other, for two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. While, therefore, we do not wholly agree with those who insist upon the union of opposites in the matter of temperaments, we believe a close resemblance in the constitution of the body between the parties should be avoided, as not only inimical to their harmony and happiness, but detrimental to their offspring.—*Phrenological Journal.*

Nantucket.

This story—good to read in these days of business avarice—is told of Nantucket a generation ago: "It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen over four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the townspeople the ice broke out one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the craft was moored a coal-dealer boarded her, and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford: 'Wall, Cap'en,' said he, 'you've about hit it this cruise; I guess I'll hev to take y'ur hul cargo. S'pose you'll want more'n the usual $7 a ton? Wal, I like to do the squar thing by a friend, and I'll give you $12 a ton for it.' 'Friend,' said Captain Gifford, 'thee can have one ton of my coal if thee likes for $8, but only one ton; all must have a chance.' Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them, saying: 'I want ten tons of your coal, at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once.' He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and $8 as the price of each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford."

The Milky Way.—Eighteen million suns furnish the light for the milky way, which is the grandest feature of our heavens. How far separated these suns may be we know not, but they are so distant from us that light, travelling with its incredible speed, is ages in reaching the earth. One astronomer said he had gone back in the milky way so far as would require 330,000 years for the transmission of its light. Whether the telescope has allowed the human eye to gauge it more or less, the fact stands that the bounds of creation are as immeasurable as their eternal Creator.

☞ A revenue officer charged Noah with brewing beer in the ark, because he saw a kangaroo going on board with hops.

AGRICULTURAL.

Recreation for Farmers.

"Humph!" I hear some farmers say, "what does he mean by recreation for farmers?" I will try to tell you what I mean. At the present day it is found that all classes and conditions of men are greatly advantaged by an occasional relaxation from their daily round of duty, whatever its name or nature. None seem to be exempt from this law of our being. None can ignore it without serious loss to person and purse.

The loss to person grows out of the fact that we cannot continue one set of muscles in work, to the neglect of others, without sooner or later overworking the one and impairing or enervating the other. Persisting in this course tends to deteriorate the whole system. This is in all probability less true of farmers than of people in most other occupations. Their necessary labor brings about all their muscular system into use. The extent of the use in their case is just where the evil comes in. Unceasing toil tells upon them to such an extent as to bring on premature old age. We see them bowed over in what should be the prime of life. They lose their buoyancy and elasticity of mind; they become taciturn in their homes. A sombre sadness seems to pervade all around. The wife is too often *overworked*, and partakes of the same spirit. The children, growing up in such an atmosphere, lose interest in home—if they ever had any interest in it—and look forward with longing eyes to the time when they can escape to the city, the west or the sea. Too much of the emigration from our New England farms has its cause just here. I know of individual cases in which this is true. The homes are not pleasant to them by reason of unceasing work, and the want of cheerfulness in the family.

The remedy, I think, in a measure, is to be found in farmers finding out that they can accomplish more, year by year, if they devote a portion of their time to recuperate their powers, by relaxation. A case in point occurs to me.

A cousin of my father went from Rhode Island, when about thirty years of age, to Madison, N. Y. He came back to visit the old place some three or four times before he was fifty years old. After that his visits became more frequent, so that he felt before he died that he must come about every season. He told me he could spend from three to five weeks from home and *gain* double the amount of time before the year expired, in consequence of the new energy with which he could enter upon everything he had in hand. He felt happy and joyful and *wanting to sing* all the time. He was seventy-nine years old when he made his last visit. He was preparing for another the following summer, but sickened and died. He would either leave in the spring as soon as the crops were in the ground, or after his hay and small grain harvest was over.

What was true of this man is true of all others, to a greater or less extent. After a season of relaxation we bring new energy into all we have to do. Work is done with a will. More of cheerfulness accompanies it. Disappointments fail to depress as formerly. Old things have passed away. The future wears a new aspect. "We have renewed our youth as the eagle."

I am aware that most farmers will say "this is all very well; but we cannot possibly bring it around." Just here is where the trouble lies, I am ready to admit. At the same time I would urge you to seek for some way to accomplish it. Take your wife into your council, and also the children. You will find that they will enter into a solution of the difficulties with a will. Your combined wisdom will be sure to triumph in the end, because your *interest* is involved in it. When once the matter has been put to the test, no fear of it ever being dropped. Much of the discontent and seeming hardship will disappear. Try it.—*New England Farmer.*

Trees Along The Highways.

Farmers are so often exhorted to "beautify" their farms, their homes, and their highways by planting shade trees, shrubbery, &c., that perhaps, by way of variety, the following remarks by Mr. Frese, of the Germantown Telegraph, a writer who is very apt to express his own rather than other people's opinions, may be acceptable to some of our readers:—

For our part we think those are the only sensible farmers who refuse to *injure* their farms by such trees, and cause the highways to be far worse along which they are planted. We venture to say that every good farmer is perfectly familiar with the fact that the land under trees, as far as their branches extend, is worthless for any crop except the natural grasses, and of little value even for them. Also that the highways shaded by trees are always softer and consequently have deeper ruts and more uneven surfaces for the whole year, even in summer, if it should be more than commonly moist; while for some six months of the year they are in infinitely worse condition. The leafless trees have a marked influence in preventing the mud from drying up, as every one knows who travels the highways and has his eyes open.

If the farmers desire good roads to travel and all their land to be productive, they must *plant no trees along the highways.* The shade which in morning and evening may be furnished to the "dusty traveller" for three months in the year, is no compensation for the evils referred to for the other three-fourths of the year. The Shakers, we believe, allow no trees to grow upon any of their premises on account of the injury by the shade and roots, the dirt produced by the leaves, and the labor required to remove them. Many persons, too, are changing their opinion as to the healthfulness of so much shade as is generally to be found around dwellings. They obstruct the free circulation of the air, destroy every living thing under them, and make a great deal of dirt from the falling leaves; and instead of them are substituting the broad piazza, by which they can have shade, security, cleanliness, and free air.

Abortion in Cows.

A writer in the Western Farmer advances the theory that this difficulty, which is becoming a formidable one with dairymen in many sections, is owing to a want of phosphates in the food and water consumed by the animal. The avidity with which laying hens eat egg shells and fragments of bones, while at other times they do not eat them, and roosters never, and the fact that during gestation cows eat bones and boards, are cited in confirmation of the correctness of this theory. It is also said that this information is being sold at a high price as a receipt for a cure of abortion, and that Mr. Lyman B. Sanford, of Cherry Flats, N. Y., had used it with perfect success. For several years his cows had been in the habit of calving prematurely; one year fourteen out of thirty-five, miscarried between the months of January and March. Another gentleman had gathered bones and pounded them fine, and when the cows were salted, put as much bone dust as salt together and salted once a week. He advises keeping the bone dust from the air, until used, as it will otherwise lose a portion of its phosphorus.

How to Mend Rubber Hose.

William Hunt, of New York City, says:—

The enclosed method of mending rubber hose ought to be known to everybody. I mended mine in several places two or three years ago, and it is yet strong and good. The plumbers said there was no other way but to use couplings, costing a dollar each. I used iron pipe cut to order, three inches long, costing three cents each. Cut the hose apart where it is defective; obtain from any gas-fitter a piece of iron pipe two or three inches long; twist the hose over it till the ends meet; wrap with strong twine, well waxed, and it will last a long time.

Drying Fruit.—A correspondent of the Rural World finds an ordinary hot-bed a capital place for drying fruit. A floor is laid inside on which to place the fruit. Then put on the sash, but be sure to raise both the upper and lower ends about two inches, to admit of a free circulation of air, or the fruit will bake as it would in an oven. Here the fruit will not be wet in a shower, nor will it be troubled with insects, which will be kept away by the covering and the intense heat. Parboiled green corn has been sufficiently dried in one day in this way.

RECEIPTS.

To Preserve Peaches.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over the fire until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from syrup. Boil the syrup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with boiling syrup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will general be sufficient to preserve them.

Chicken Panada.—Take the white meat of the breast and of the wings of a chicken which has been either boiled or roasted; free it from the skin, and cut it into small morsels; pound these in a mortar with an equal quantity of stale bread and a sufficiency of salt, adding, little by little, either the water in which the chicken was boiled, or some beef-tea, until the whole forms a thin fluid paste; lastly, put it into a pan and boil for ten minutes, stirring all the time.

The lean part of tender beef, or a slice from a cold leg of mutton, may be prepared in exactly the same manner. This panada we regard as the most convenient of all forms of giving animal food in a nicely graduated quantity, and it is used with great satisfaction both for adults in convalescence and for the rearing of children. It may be made of any degree of thickness—so thin that it may be given through the bottle, or so thick as to form spoon-meat.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 3, 14, 17, 18, 7, 44, 19, 8, is a city in Turkestan.
My 53, 1, 2, 10, 39, 25, 41, 46, 28, is one of the Mexican states.
My 44, 13, 6, 33, 30, 11, 20, is one of the Bahama islands.
My 4, 5, 16, 27, 36, 26, is a country in Europe.
My 9, 54, 32, 42, 24, is a country in Africa.
My 50, 56, 37, 11, 31, 16, 2, is a river in Siberia.
My 12, 34, 35, 38, 52, 50, is a city in India.
My 40, 11, 47, 19, 16, 29, 43, 56, is one of the United States.
My 21, 39, 51, 55, 2, 14, is a country in Europe.
My 15, 18, 32, is a lake in Asia.
My 23, 11, 12, 3, 48, 16, 49, is a county in Georgia.
My 8, 45, 15, is a river in Russia.
My whole is a quotation from Homer.

FRANK EDMONDSON.
Oak Point, Iowa.

Riddle.

My 1st is in Heaven and also in earth,
My 2nd in happiness but not in mirth;
My 3rd is in marry but not in wed,
My 4th in platinum but not in lead;
My 5th is in rhythm but not in rhyme,
My 6th may be found in a *moment* of time.
My 7th is in new but not in old,
My 8th in bought but not in sold;
My 9th is is mighty but not in great,
My 10th in hatred but not hate;
My 11th is in merry but not in gay,
My 12th in borrow but not in pay.
My whole is the name of a true Virginian.

"POLLY HOPKINS."

Probability Problem.

A "rafling match" is composed of 5 persons, each throwing 3 times with 7 pennies; the one turning up the greatest number of "heads" to be winner. The third player having turned up 15 "heads," it is required to determine his chance of winning.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A and B jointly have a fortune of $9,800. A invests a sixth part of his property in business, and B the fifth part of his—when it appears that each has an equal sum remaining. How much had each at first?

W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A and B agree to dig one hundred rods of ditch for $100; each is to receive half of the money; A is to receive 25 cents per rod more than B; how much of the ditch does each dig?

I. J. MOUSER.
Marion, Ohio.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are Victoria's pastry cooks like the Canadas? Ans—Because they are the Queen's dough-minions.

☞ Why does the bridegroom always put on the ring at a wedding? Ans.—Because bell (e)s cannot ring themselves.

☞ When is a boat like a pile of snow? Ans.—When it is a drift.

Answer to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Subscribe for the Saturday Evening Post immediately.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of May 29—7,304 plus rods—W. Hoover. 7,406 perches, nearly—J. Scott. 7,406 plus perches—J. N. Soders. 8,042 plus rods—J. B. Sanders.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 5th—200—A. Martin. 139—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—9 by 16 rods—W. H. Morrow, J. Scott. Length of lot 24½ feet, breadth 8½—J. Oswald.

Answers to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—The first probability is 27-250; the other is 1-12—J. Scott. 1st probability is 1 to 100, the other is 9-10—W. J. Barrett, .009—J. S. Phebus.

Answers to A. Martin's PROBLEM of June 12th—70—A. Martin. 64½—J. Scott. 50—J. Phebus.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of same date—8, 16, and 32—W. H. Morrow, F. M. Priest, J. Scott, J. S. Phebus, W. J. Barrett, and W. Hoover.

Custard Pies.—Very nice custard pies are made with two eggs and two large tablespoonfuls of corn starch to a quart of milk; sweeten and spice to taste; add also salt; the corn starch should be mixed smooth with milk and the eggs beaten up in it, then thin out with more milk; sweeten, season, pour into pans lined with paste, and grate nutmeg over the top.

Potatoes a la Creme.—Put into a saucepan about two ounces of butter, a dessertspoonful of flour, some parsley chopped small, salt and pepper; stir these up together, add a wineglass of cream, and set it on the fire, stirring continually until it boils. Cut some boiled potatoes into slices, and put them into the saucepan with the mixture, boil all together, and serve them very hot.

Charlotte Russe.—Take an ounce of isinglass or of gelatine, and soften it by soaking a while in cold water. Then boil it slowly in a pint of cream, sweetened with a quarter of a pound of fine loaf-sugar (adding a handful of fresh rose-leaves, if convenient, tied in a thin muslin bag), till it is thoroughly dissolved and well mixed. Take it off the fire; set it to cool; and beat together till very light and thick, four whole eggs, and the yolks only of four others. Stir the beaten eggs gradually into the mixture of cream, sugar, and isinglass, and set it again over the fire. Stir it well, and see that it only simmers, taking it off before it comes quite to a boil. Then, while it is warm, stir in sufficient extract of roses to give it a high rose-flavor and a fragrant smell. Have ready two moulds lined with lady cake, or almond sponge cake. Fill them with the mixture, and set them on ice. Before they go to table, ice the tops of the charlotte, flavoring the icing with rose.

☞ "Mammy," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."